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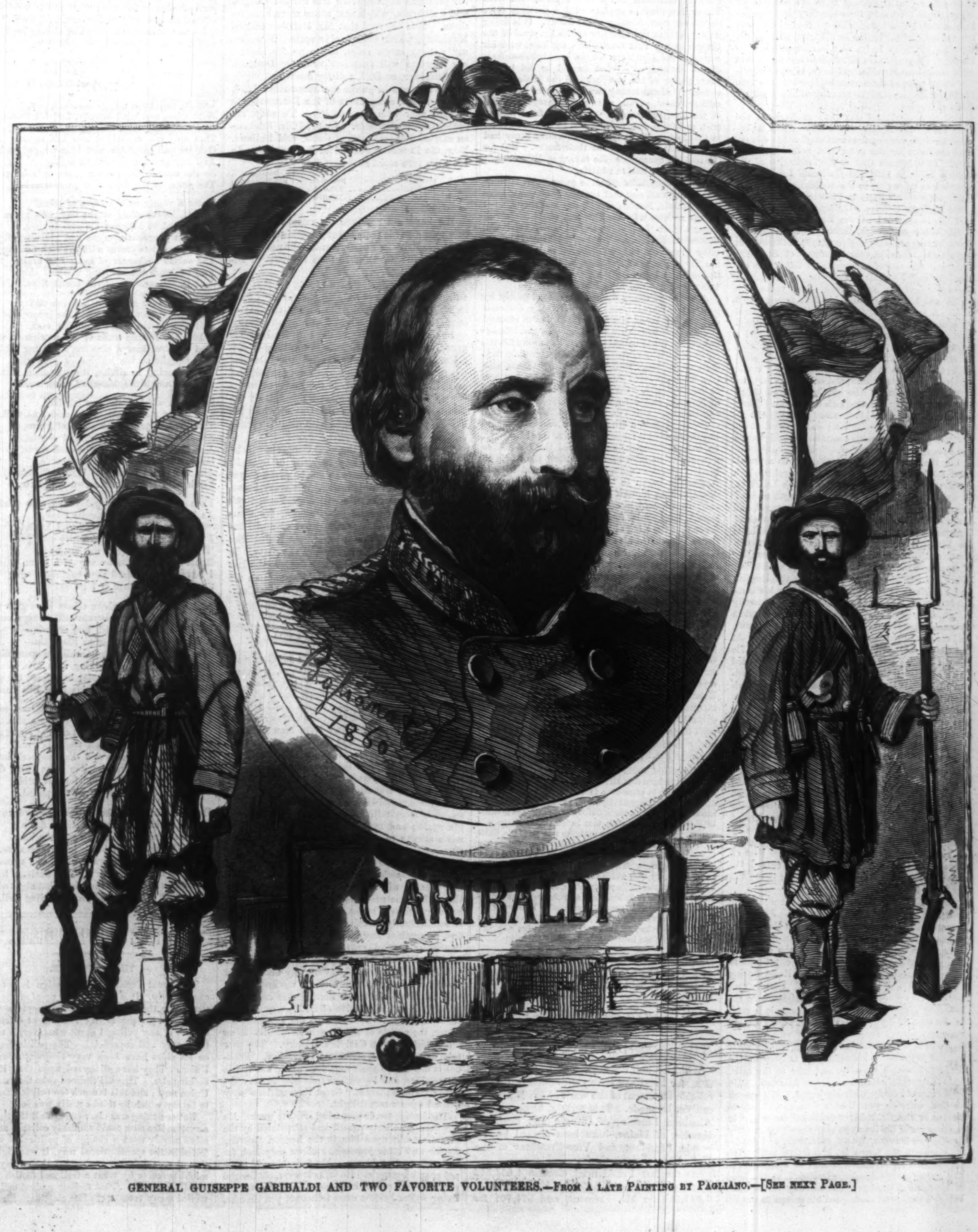


GENERAL GUISEPPE GARIBALDI AND TWO FAVORITE VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A LATE PAINTING BY PAGLIANO.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

## GUISEPPE GARIBALDI.

WE present our readers this week with the latest and most authentic Portrait in existence of General Garibaldi, the Washington of Italy. The original was painted from life by Pagliano, one of the first artists of Milan, in the spring of the present year, for Lorenzo Valerio, the Governor of Como, and at present Commissioner Extraordinary of King Victor Emanuel for the Marches, an intimate friend and distinguished co-worker with Garibaldi in the cause of Italian Freedom and unity. We are indebted to his brother, who, during the summer, commanded a volunteer force of four hundred men from Genoa, for a photograph of the picture. The figure on the right, from a photograph furnished by the same gentleman, is the young Sicilian, Occhipinti, who started with Garibaldi's twelve hundred on the first expedition to Sicily, and for his bravery and distinguished services at the battle of Calatafimi, and the taking of Palermo, rose from the ranks to a Captaincy. (He received the public acknowledgments of General Bosco, the commander of the Neapolitan troops, for his humanity at the evacuation of Palermo in protecting a body of four hundred Neapolitans, with their officers, on their way from the convent of Monreale to the boats, from the fury of the populace at the risk of his own life.) He has followed the fortunes of his leader in his triumphal march through Southern Italy, and is now attached to his staff. The dress is that of the heroic volunteers who landed at Marsala, and have, in the incredibly short space of three months, liberated the Two Sicilies from the terrible tyranny of the Bourbon King of Naples.

Guiseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice, in the year 1808. His family was noble. Since he became famous, some curious antiquarian has discovered ancestors for him as far back as the sixth century. It is certain that at the institution of the Golden Book, in 1528, the Garibaldi family were recorded as belonging to the ancient nobility. A Garibaldi went to Paris in 1685 to do homage to Louis XIV. for Genoa: a Guiseppe Garibaldi, born in 1729, is recorded as the last member of the family—his successors, living in revolutionary times, having probably neglected to have themselves registered. The present Dictator of Southern Italy was the son of a respectable father; he entered the naval service of the King of Sardinia at the age of fifteen, and served many years with credit and honor. In 1834 his first scrape befell him. A revolutionary movement was organized by some restless spirits at Genoa; Garibaldi took part in it, failed of course, and was glad to find a refuge in France. Louis Philippe was not in need of revolutionaries, being, in fact, oversupplied with the article at home; so the young sailor crossed the Mediterranean, and offered his services to the Bey of Tunis, who gladly accepted them. He was not many months with the Moors. Their notions did not in the least accord with the chivalric ideas of the young Italian; and at the first opportunity he threw up his commission, and crossed the ocean to South America.

For the next ten years Garibaldi was a prominent leader in the never-ending struggles which darken the history of the States on the La Plata. It would be tedious to describe at length each of the many operations in which he was engaged, and we will simply say that he was the ablest chief Uraguay ever possessed, and the most formidable foe Rosas ever encountered. It was in South America that he developed the astonishing fertility of resource which has since stood him in such stead. When, on behalf of their commerce, the English and French fleets interfered and forbade his bombardment of Buenos Ayres, Garibaldi instantly resigned the command of the fleet to the second in command, landed, raised a body of 3000 partisans, and continued the war as vigorously as ever. At one time he believed that the contest was over. He bought him an estate, married a wife, and settled down quietly on the bank of a noble South American River. It is recorded of him that his agricultural triumphs were as conspicuous as his military successes had been, and that he did more than any one except Bonpland to develop the extraordinary resources of that wonderful country.

He was there, peacefully tilling his farm, when Pius the Ninth called Italy from her slumbers in January, 1848. The cry crossed the sea and reached Garibaldi's ear. He was in Italy as soon as his ship could carry him, and to Charles Albert—then, as now his successor, *il re galantuomo*—he offered his sword. Throughout the campaigns of 1848-9, Garibaldi fought loyally for the cause of Italian independence. When at last the apathy of Venice, and the want of a mind like that of Cavour in the Piedmontese Council, ruined the cause for the time, Garibaldi was one of the last to lay down his arms.

After a brief Parliamentary experience in the chambers at Turin, the expulsion of the Pope from Rome, and the desperate efforts of the Roman Republicans to reorganize society, summoned Garibaldi to the eternal city. He took the command of the Republican army, beat the Neapolitans in several engagements, and defended Rome during the memorable siege by the French. History contains no nobler episode than his resistance to the invading army, and the Emperor was, it is said, beside himself with fury at so unexpected an obstacle.

When it became certain at last that the city must fall, he proposed to his colleagues to blow up the bridges, abandon the city, and take to the hills. This desperate counsel was not followed. He then resolved to fly with his legion. His speech on that occasion would have done no dishonor to Brutus or the Gracchi: "Soldiers," he said, "in recompense of the love you may show your country I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts the terms let him follow me." The enthusiastic legion followed him to a man. The day before the surrender, Garibaldi, at the head of his faithful partisans, cut his way through the enemy's lines, and made good his escape to the little Republic of San Marino. There he dismissed his comrades, and, with two hundred men, embarked for Genoa.

During the interval of nine years which elapsed between the Reaction of 1849 and the Revival of 1858 most of the European patriots of 1848 contrived to lose what little glory they had acquired. Many of them became vagabonds, and subsisted by the contributions of their friends, trading on the sacrifices they said they had made for liberty. Not so Garibaldi. After a brief stay in New York, during which he earned the wages of honest labor in a candle factory on Staten Island, he again betook himself to his old profession, and commanded sailing craft on trading voyages. He used often to come here in command of his ships; and though he was always received with enthusiasm by his countrymen, he never allowed the recollections of the past or his hopes of the future to beguile him from the practical duties of the present. He was esteemed as reliable a captain as sailed out of this port.

At last, the hour sounded again. Sardinia prepared for war with Austria; Napoleon proclaimed that Italy must be free from the Adriatic to the Alps. A few weeks after the war had become inevitable, Garibaldi had obtained permission from Victor Emanuel to operate with a partisan force on the northern frontier of Lombardy. It is doing no discredit to the strategy of the Emperor of the French to say that Garibaldi's exploits, with his *cocciatori dei Alpi*, were not the least brilliant feats of the campaign. What he did he did by the sheer power of his intellect and the justice of his cause. Without money, with few men, without a military chest, a train, or any of the proper supplies of warfare, he drove the Austrians from post to post, and from crag to crag, and so narrowed them in that, when Milan fell the invading army had not the least concern about their flanks. But for Garibaldi's operations the taking of Milan might have been only half the battle.

He was dissatisfied with the peace. All Italians were. They all saw that another blow would have freed Venetia, Naples, and Rome; and they did not see the reasons why the Emperor could not afford to accomplish the promise he had made. Garibaldi was especially incensed, and with his usual impetuosity gave vent to his sentiments in language, in the Turin House of Deputies, which did his head no credit, and damaged his prestige. His career was never intended to be Parliamentary.

A winter of angry discontent, caused partly by political disappointment and partly by domestic distress, confirmed him in the intention to attempt to complete the work which Napoleon had left unfinished. What bargain, if any, he made with the King of Sardinia, remains a secret: certain it is that, on 5th May, 1860, he sailed from Genoa with two well appointed steamers and 2200 volunteers to invade Sicily. On 11th he landed successfully at Marsala, and defeated the Neapolitans sent to oppose him. On 27th, he entered Palermo, which city capitulated on 6th June, the Neapolitans having bombarded it for several hours. On 29th July, he entered Messina, and suffered the Neapolitan garrison to withdraw; thus uniting the whole of Sicily under his authority. In the second week in August he began to land men in Calabria; and, disembarking himself about 21st, he pursued his march northward, meeting with scarcely any resistance. The popular feeling was so decidedly in his favor that the King of Naples dared not risk a battle, and evacuated his capital on 6th, one day before Garibaldi entered. Since then he has been engaged in beating up the quarters of the King of Naples in the direction of Capua and Gaeta.

Garibaldi has been twice married. His first wife, a South American lady, was a worthy helpmeet for him. She accompanied him to Italy in 1848, and was with him throughout the siege of Rome and the terrible retreat to Ancona. The fatigue and exposure of this retreat killed her. She died before Garibaldi sailed for Genoa. About Garibaldi's second wife, from whom he is now separated, much mystery exists. She is the daughter of a Marquis Raimondi, a wealthy nobleman, and is said to have attracted Garibaldi's attention by offering to carry dispatches during the war of 1859 through the enemy's lines. Why he left her, the public can only conjecture; the following story from a Paris letter to the papers is, however, generally credited:

> "The wife of Garibaldi, about whom so many strange reports have been circulated, is now at Marseilles, intending, it is said, to cross over to Civita Vecchia. She is a daughter of the Marquis Raymond, an Italian nobleman of immense wealth, and was married a short time ago to Garibaldi. Some reports state that before the marriage was consummated such damning evidence was placed in Garibaldi's hands that he immediately quitted her. Others say that, about three weeks after the marriage, the lady was caught intriguing with a courtier. There is evidently some strange mystery with which the world is not generally acquainted, and the lady's present intention of going over to Italy may not be so indicative of a reconciliation or refutation of calumny as is generally supposed. If the evil reports be true, what a glorious position has this silly woman abandoned! Who would not be the wife of such a hero, and sit—if only for one hour—on the throne of Naples?"

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

AT least half the returns of the popular vote for President have yet to come in, and no reliable statement of the work of 6th November can yet be made. It is certain, however, that Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, have been elected by the people President and Vice-President of the United States respectively.

At the last Presidential election 4,054,513 votes were cast—1,838,232 for Mr. Buchanan, 1,341,514 for Mr. Frémont, and 874,707 for Mr. Fillmore. This was exclusive of the vote of South Carolina, in which State the Presidential electors are elected by the Legislature.

Since then two new States have been admitted to the Union, Minnesota and Oregon. Adding these to the previous thirty, and allowing for the natural increase of population, it seems probable that the vote of last Tuesday will exceed that of 1856 by several hundred thousand.

According to the returns which have thus far come to hand, Lincoln has carried fifteen States; to wit, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Michigan, and Minnesota, casting together 169 out of the 303 votes which are cast in the electoral college. Breckinridge seems to have carried twelve States; to wit, Maryland, Delaware, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Louisiana, Alabama, Virginia, Georgia, Arkansas, Texas, and Florida, casting 92 votes in the electoral college. Douglas is supposed to have carried Missouri, which casts nine votes; and his partisans hope that he has carried Oregon and California, which cast seven more between them. It is believed that Mr. Bell has carried Kentucky, which casts twelve votes. New Jersey, casting seven votes, has gone for fusion: her electors will cast her vote for Douglas, Breckinridge, or Bell, as they deem fit.

The changes in public sentiment since 1856, as shown by a comparison of the Electoral vote of that year with the result on Tuesday, are sufficiently remarkable. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan carried Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Indiana. Now, the Democrats have lost those States. In 1856 the vote stood:

| States. | Buchanan. | Fremont and Fillmore. |
|---|---|---|
| Pennsylvania........... | 230,771 | 230,065 |
| Indiana................ | 118,670 | 116,761 |
| Illinois............... | 105,348 | 133,633 |

We have not received the exact returns for this year; but it seems pretty certain that Lincoln's majority in Pennsylvania will not be less than 50,000; in Illinois, than 15,000; in Indiana, than 10,000.

In 1856 New Jersey gave 71,058 for Buchanan and Fillmore, and only 28,238 for Frémont; in 1860 the majority for the Fusion candidates over Lincoln is only about 4000.

In the Southern States the vote for Bell has proved unexpectedly large. It was long doubtful whether he had not carried Virginia and Georgia; Louisiana gave him a large vote, and so did Tennessee. This is the more noteworthy as Mr. Bell was identified throughout the South with the cause of the Union, while his chief opponent was charged with disunion tendencies.

The complexion of the next Congress will be Democratic. There is a majority of from 15 to 20—the exact figures can not be given as yet—against the Administration. In every State, including Massachusetts and New York, there have been Democratic gains among the Congressmen. The defeat of Burlingame and Pennington, two of the most prominent Republican leaders, embitters the triumph of the party. In this city the Democrats have to deplore the loss of John Cochrane, one of the ablest men on the floor, late Chairman of the Committee on Commerce.

## OUR BILL OF FARE.

A POLITICAL campaign blights nothing more than literature. Lives of candidates, speeches, circulars, song-books, and party pamphlets are the only literary drift-wood upon that turbulent stream. But when it has roared itself by, the waifs are of a more permanent and attractive character. The great novelists have been for some time silent—waiting and resting, and making ready. Mr. Trollope's "Framley Parsonage" has been coursing through the *Cornhill*, and Mr. Lever's "Day's Ride" has been laid before our readers every week. But as the winter comes, and the long evenings and leisure days begin—the peculiar season of story-telling—the great story-tellers begin again; and by a felicitous fortune, which we mean always to secure, it is in our columns that these stories will be first told in America. Mr. Dickens's new tale of "GREAT EXPECTATIONS" will begin in *Harper's Weekly* next week, and its brilliant opening will satisfy us all that the genius of the author was never happier in its play. For a novel by Dickens seems to be the exuberant play of intellectually creative power. There is no effort, no creak of any kind; and if the humor has sometimes seemed extravagant, it never seems forced. His last tale published in these columns, "A Tale of Two Cities," was entirely unique. It showed a vein he had not hitherto worked; and it will hold its place in our literature as one of the most vivid and impressive of all literary illustrations of history. It combined the romance, the terror, the pathos of the French Revolution as no other book, except Carlyle's History. The new tale will doubtless strike a livelier key. Dickens is one of the most sagacious as well as fertile of novelists, and he understands how to vary the strain. The readers of "Great Expectations" may depend upon a rare delight.

Thackeray, too, is preparing another work. He has been peculiarly roused and stimulated by the recent attacks upon him in the London *Saturday Review* and other journals, and we may look for some resounding blows. He feels himself to be put upon his muscle. He is, as it were, challenged to justify his reputation—and he will do it. No living writer holds a more trenchant pen than he. No more luminous and racy English than his was ever written. He has a supreme scorn of humbug, whether of the "Vanity Fair" or the *Saturday Review* kind, and he will not spare it. It is only fair to him to say that he claims nothing for himself. He assumes no saintship. He does not write "goody" books and point "goody" morals. If humbug shows its head in church, state, or society, he hits it; and if you wish to cry, "Who are you?" he replies, "Only an observer: and if you see differently say so; but don't grimace about it, and don't try to hide your thefts by crying stop thief."

The new novel of Thackeray's will be published and illustrated in *Harper's Monthly*; and in that Magazine also will appear a new tale by the author of "Adam Bede" and the "Mill on the Floss"—one of the tenderest, truest, and most fascinating of story-tellers.

So our friends will not want the best reading that contemporary genius affords; and the proprietors of this journal may be pardoned the pride they feel in so repaying their readers for their faithful friendship. By such means they intend to preserve the Union between the *Weekly* and the *Monthly* and their hosts of friends; and so continue to deserve the enthusiastic regard of a Mississippi correspondent who says: "*Harper* is strewn all around us, in hands, hearts, and book-cases."

So may it long be! So shall it long be, if care and thought and money can make it so.

## RUIN.

LET us call up a scene—a rich repast,
With wine, and with brandy, and all that's fast,
And rollicking talk, and agreeable men
That only one meets but now and again;
Oysters and partridge, and blue-winged teal,
And any amount of verdant seal—
So the curtain lifts to the prompter's bell;
The scene of the drama—a gambling hell.

Enter a young man modest of mien,
In fact, in the slang of the day, he's green;
The succulent banquet his soul invites,
With its gorgeous epergne and gleaming lights;
And the goblets cream with the rich Champagne,
The subtle enchanter of heart and brain,
And he hears the exciting clink of chips,
And Conscience out of the traces slips.

Have you ever sat upon Lofoden cliff
When the tides were high and the breeze was stiff,
And seen in the ocean a mighty curl,
Where the spheric walls of the mãelstrom whirl
And watched how a pine-tree's floating limb
Was caught on the whirlpool's outer rim,
Till, lessening in circles, the spooming plank
Down through the funnel of ocean sank?

So in the whirl of the gaming hell
The young man floats to the midst as well.
That central table with cloth of green,
And its dealers silent, sly, and serene,
And its board of prettily painted cards,
Its faro box with the silver guards,
And the pallid faces that here and there
Flush with triumph or frown with care.

Then does the spell-bound young man think,
As he hears the ivory devils clink,
"Gambling is terribly wrong, I know—
I will take but a single chance and go—
'Tis true the money is not my own,
But I'll use a little by way of a loan.
I have always heard that beginners win;
So where's the harm if I go in?"

And he "goes in" where others have gone;
The whirl of the mãelstrom still sweeps on.
He sinks and rises with loss or gain—
A fierce excitement usurps his brain—
The brandy is tasteless—the lights grow dim—
This deal is neck or nothing with him,
Till at last, when the dealer has closed the game,
His heart is like ice and his head like flame.

He's what is facetiously called "cleaned out"—
I don't see the joke, though it floats about.
Cleaned out? To be sure, but cleaned out of what?
Cleaned out of honor and truth, is't not?
Cleaned out of peace, and that mother's love
That brooded above him like some sweet dove;
Cleaned out of that grand interior pride
That, lost, can never be more supplied.

Do you think that the picture is overdrawn?
Go follow his steps in the sickly dawn;
The sneaking steps as he nears the door
Of the home he will blush in for evermore.
And the agonized hours next day he spends,
When he tries to be gay with his business friends,
Though he knows that the ledger that night will tell
The secret of fraud and the gambling hell.

## THE LOUNGER.

### THE DAY AFTER.

THE great Presidential campaign is over, and over quietly. It is only another proof of the truth that while the great mass of the people are contented and prosperous, the excitement of an election, or of any political event whatever, is merely temporary and superficial. The political orators on all sides have been very eloquent about the Union. They have all agreed upon that, if upon nothing else. They all claimed to be the true blue Union men; and this is much too politic a Lounger to betray which he thinks really was so.

But one thing was clear enough all the time. If a system like ours could suddenly collapse and dissolve merely upon a change of political power effected in the constitutional way, it was high time that the experiment were tried that every body might perceive by what a frail and foolish tenure the Union held. That feeling undoubtedly controlled many votes at the late election. Men with the kindest feeling for all parts of the country, and in full sympathy with the party lately dominant in the Government, felt that it was only justice to themselves and to all others, that they should know precisely the quality of the bond. And what is that bond? What must it always be?

It is a bond of common welfare, of a common history and destiny. It is a bond of sympathy and brotherhood, but also of individual self-respect. It is a bond of the popular will and the general common sense. So long as a people is busy and progressive, so long they will be contented and at peace. People don't fight upon abstractions. If the English Parliament had not tried to tax the Colonists it might have legislated at large and in general as much as it liked. But when it came to taking money out of the pocket without even a "By'r leave," the people clapped their hands upon their pockets and upon their swords. In like manner, the Union of these States rests upon the general prosperity; and whenever the prosperity of any part of the people is seriously attacked, and all other means of redress fall, they will take to revolution. There are but two methods of collective redress, one is peaceful and the other forcible; and men betake themselves to the latter, only as the last, solemn, and sad alternative.

Every thing in our history, and in the history and experience of the world, shows how far we are from any such dire event. The union of the American States is the grandest instrument ever put into human hands to work out the progressive civilization of the world; and it is not the least of its virtues that it will work out the cure of its own defects. People shake their heads gravely, very often, and speculate upon the probable end of our experiment. But they forget the constantly new conditions. They forget that education and invention keep pace with political enfranchisement, and that the common sense and conscience of the multitude will often correct the wiles of demagogues who are leaders.

The country has been profoundly stirred, as it always must be by a Presidential election. But all the stir and the loud roar of excitement have not seriously disturbed the faith of any patriot in that Union which is the massive chain of links, always increasing in number and brightening in splendor, by which mankind are to be drawn up to a loftier and nobler height. Once more, as the breath of the popular will fills her sails, we sing with Longfellow:

> "Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
> Sail on, O *Union*, strong and great!
> Humanity with all its fears,
> With the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
> We know what master laid thy keel,
> What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
> Who made each mast, and sail, and rope;
> What anvils rang, what hammers beat
> In what a forge and what a heat,
> Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
>
> * * * * *
>
> In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
> In spite of false lights on the shore,
> Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
> Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee—
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

### POPULAR GOOD-HUMOR.

One of the striking facts on election day was the universal good-humor. Apparently, we had had the sharpest and bitterest of all political campaigns—there was some doleful mistrust of the conduct at the polls—and yet, comparatively speaking, there was no trouble whatever. The days of "the bloody Sixth" have long gone by. The system of small voting districts is one of the securities of the ballot-box and of the public peace. Even what little rows there were were rather ludicrous than threatening. I saw several; and the characteristic of all was an unwillingness to strike.

At one poll a belligerent voter stepped to the window and said, in a loud voice, that he would like to see the —— —— —— who would dare to challenge *him*. No sooner was the glove down than it was up. The voter was promptly challenged. He swore in his vote, and then turned to grapple with his fellow-countryman. Down they went, off the piazza into the street—scratching, cuffing, clawing, swearing, shouting, hats off, coats and collars awry—pell-mell scratch, cuff, curse until the sympathetic crowd joined in, and eddied round the combatants—squealing, scolding, shaking fingers and fists, threatening, jeering—but meanwhile only the original combatants actually engaged. You would have thought a serious riot must necessarily take place; but the gabble and clucking certified peace, like the cackle of a barn-yard. What names they called each other—how they gave the lie—how they devoted each other to the most frightful fates—how they scowled and shouted themselves hoarse, and how they brandished their fists, and surged hither and thither, was worthy the best stage in the city. *Alarum: enter an army, skirmishing and retreat*, was the stage direction which suited the case precisely.

There was another sudden gust of row at another poll. A yell, and a general rush and knotting together of the crowd; a hubbub and shrieking and commingled din of oaths and snarls; and over the whole a loud rioter in the middle of the press, brandishing a shillalah by the middle, and storming tremendous threats above the riotous yelp, and with a skill truly marvelous and philanthropic, so guiding his ugly weapon that not a solitary hair upon any head was touched; and finally, after rushing this way and that, jamming here and there, and pushing as if they were all boosting their candidates into office, the crowd suddenly scattered, and one poor gentleman, who had no part or interest in the row, emerged with a bloody nose.

Again the loud, sharp, scolding contest of words began, and the crowd gathered closely around the disputants, who roared more furiously until they were quite sure they should be held back, and then one brandished his arms and fists, and invited the other to come on. The other began immediately an answering brandishment, and when both were effectually and securely held from behind, each made the most heroic demonstrations to the detriment of the adversary, swearing that if he could only be let go, he would straightway send the other to innumerable uncomfortable places. The fight was purely factitious, but very brief—and the result in every case was the same: dead, none, wounded, none; missing, none. Except in one case, where one adversary actually put his two thumbs into the mouth of the other, and was doing some damage, when the other "worked my mouth," as he said, "until I got his thumbs together, and then I chewed away." That fight ended suddenly.

These things were not insignificant, although they were at rural polls. The people who hang around such places are of the most ignorant and imbruted kind. The sots are there—wretched caricatures of men—hoping to be treated. The bruisers and bullies are there, and they are usually not brave men. The gaping crowd is there, as it is around the tent of a circus. The few leaders of the district are there—the necessary challengers—the treaters on behalf of the parties—upon the whole, the "hardest" and most disheartening set of his fellow-men and fellow-citizens that the voter is likely to meet any where. And yet, without police, with a grog-shop under the room in which the votes were deposited with almost free drinks for every body, and with nothing but the general loyalty and common sense of the crowd, there was no disturbance more important than these.

An observer may take heart for our institutions even at the worst polls.

### THE PUBLIC EXPRESS.

The greatest disgrace of the city of New York is its Post-office. There isn't a one-horse town in the land which has so mean, dirty, dark, inadequate and mortifying an office as the complacent metropolis of the country. The inclosures upon Nassau Street are full of all kinds of rubbish; they are the favorite deposits of old rags, old boots old bottle-glass, and dead cats. The pavements are all wet and uneven and disgraceful. The hall (?) of the delivery-boxes is so dark and sad that the most cheerful epistolary intelligence would fail to disperse the gloom; and as for the narrow, nasty, outer corridor, where advertised letters are delivered and stamps are bought, why, it is a great and characteristic vestibule of the great and characteristic building in which the Government houses one of its special, and entirely unnecessary, departments.

For there is no denying that the building is as good as a Department of the public service which doesn't pay for itself deserves. The Post-office might be immediately abolished and private enterprise would do the work a thousand-fold better than it is done now.

It is one of the traditions from which we might wisely emancipate our system that the express-business should be performed by that cumbrous machinery, the Government. Why should the Government carry a man's letter more than his carpet-bag or bundle? Notoriously, merchants send their most important packages by private expresses, because the public express is neither so safe, nor so swift, nor so convenient. In a day and country of private effort, like ours, the postal service could be accomplished by the same means as perfectly as that of any Package-Express Company now. Money would be made by the companies, and instead of paying enormously to sustain a losing Department which serves us badly, we should pay moderately for being served well.

And we might be very sure that no private company, which undertook to carry letters and to deliver them, would ever allow its operations to be managed in such a hole as the Post-office of the great commercial metropolis of the country. There is not an Express Company of importance in the city that has not buildings as much more convenient and proper as the work they do is better done.

### THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

The Chess Tournament of two or three years ago was pleasant, but the Billiard Tournament is more intelligible, and more interesting to the spectator who is not an adept. The excellence of a move in chess is entirely lost upon a man who does not understand the game. But the grace of a stroke in billiards can be appreciated by any body who has eyes and common sense. While every body was, or seemed to be, so profoundly excited that they could think of nothing but the election, you had only to saunter into the billiard-rooms to find that it was all a great mistake, and that the real interest, the real excitement of life was to be found in Fourteenth Street, Union Square. There the knights of the cue were brandishing their instruments. There the magnificent mystery of the compound carom was revealed to the wondering and incredulous mind. There, with the devotion of students to their books, of saints to their cells, of candidates to their constituents, you might have seen men leaning over a table and striking an ivory ball, while crowds of eager, excited, and intelligent spectators hung upon every stroke as politicians hung upon the election returns.

That is better than cock-fighting, or Mohocking, or wrenching off door-knockers, or smashing Charleys—isn't it? Billiards is a beautiful, simple, active game. When Berger plays it becomes poetic, if we may trust the ecstatic reporters and the possibilities of the game. Mr Phelan was already the accredited champion, the Paul Morphy, the Benicia Boy of billiards. It was not surprising that he conquered the victor of the other knights who took part in the tournament. But he beat the victor by sixty points only in a game of seven hundred and [illegible]ty. The player, then, who is only second to Mr. Phelan is Dudley Kavanagh. The name is romantic enough for the Spingler Institute. And why should he not be admitted to the course of instruction in that institution, in a day when physical culture is of such importance, and officiate as Professor of Calisthenics? Calisthenics is understood to be the feminine of gymnastics. In fact, as nine-pins are to billiards, so are gymnastics to calisthenics.

The Spingler will hardly smile upon the suggestion, and yet it must know how well ladies often play billiards; yes, and perhaps it knows how well they look while they are playing, and how admirable an exercise it is for them. Some authorities exhort them to use the mace and *shove* the ball, instead of touching it with the cue and driving it. But there is all the difference in the two between playing billiards and not playing. What do you suppose Berger could do with a mace? The touch of the cue is electrical.

There must be constant and general public amusements and recreations. Billiard-rooms and bowling-alleys have a bad name, because they are so closely associated with bar-rooms. But for the present the bar-room is a necessary tax upon the amusement, whatever it may be, and it ought to be so computed. The important point after that is, what kind of recreation is—minus the toddy—most healthful? Certainly nothing sedentary—nothing confining; but something that moves the person and gives the muscles play—something that exhilarates and interests, and is yet simple and manly—in one word—billiards.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### THE WAKE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

DEDICATED TO DOCTOR CULLEN

Sing rest to the souls of the brave sons of Erin,
The Banner of Faith 'gainst the haythen who bore
Their glorious exploits were unequaled for darin',
But ah! now the Irish Brigade is no more.
Repose they in pace, ever blest be their slumbers,
And hallowed the spot where their cowld remains lie!
They fell overwhelmed by shuperior numbers,
They would not surrender, preferring to die.

They drove back their foemen with terrible slaughter,
But sank under wounds, and exhausted with toil,
And then their warm life-blood was poured out like water,
To such an extent that it purpled the soil.
They stood while the death shot around them was flying,
As thick as the leaves of the storm-shaken tree;
At last they were all on the battle-field lying,
Six hundred—of whom there survived only three.

Och! Talk of Leonidas; talk of the Spartans!
What's thim with O'Reilly's brave boys for to name?
On the knees of their breeches, the kilt (that's not tartans)
Fought on, till their wristbands hung out at the same.
Their bodies, interred at the lainny's quarters,
Are buried in honor, be-painted with gore.
Their spirits have now jined the Army of Martyrs,
And Fame will remimber their names ivermore.

The Land of Ire.—The rabid invective which the Ultramontane Press of Ireland is continually launching against England and Sardinia, confirms the conjecture that the word Erin is derived from Erinnys, which, some young ladies may require to be reminded, was the name of a Fury.

### COUSINS FOR KINGS AND QUEENS.

A Law which Nature contravenes,
A rule of Rank and State,
Forbids our Princes, Kings, and Queens,
With British spouse to mate.
The safety of the Realm commands
Them Protestants to wed,
And therefore is their choice of hands
Extremely limited.

Their Cousins are our Royal race
Confined, almost, to woo,
Who, by the nature of the case,
Are German Cousins too.
Now German Cousins far removed
All very well may be,
But Cousins German oft have proved
Too near the parent tree.

Near cousins o'er the German tide,
What need remains to seek,
Now steamers cross the Atlantic wide
Almost within a week!
Of Yankee Land the Beauty pales
All Continental Fair:
Might not a bride be found for Wales,
A distant Cousin, there?

### MOTHER POPE'S MAUNDERINGS.

Adsbobs and bodkins, botherations, treason, sacrilege, and plunder,
Thieves' Usurpation! Heretics! Help! Robbery! What next, I wonder?
My heart biles fit to bust with rage and fury, Wenerable Brothers,
I don't know which on 'em is wust; the ones is just as bad as t'others.

To take and go and climb my pales, and jump into my sacred garding,
Without so much as By your leave, and not to say I ax your parding,
And there to plant Savoys, and root my carrots up, and dig my taturs,
Out upon that rampagious crew of fillibursters, rogues, and traitors.

To let loose all my ducks and geese, and fowls which eggs was formed to lay me,
And all the while for to pertend to love and honor and obey me;
The hypocrites! And which I hates none more than them my shoe as kisses,
And makes believe to guard my house, in which they won't let me be Missis.

They've cut my trible cap in half, my gownd of state they've tore to fribbits;
The ribbles! Oh, that I may live to see 'em swinging all on gibbets,
Insolent, imperent, unjust, the nasty good for nothing wretches!
I call sitch rubbidge only fit to burn like filthy tares and vetches

Himpious, wicked, cruel, wile, profane, detestable, atrocious,
Abominable, execrable, hinfamous, foul, false, ferocious,
Owdacious, reprobate, depraved, base, brutal, barbarous, perfidious,
Wicious, disgusting, treacherous, perjured, monstrous, frightful, horrid, hideous,

Assassins, robbers, traitors, felons, villains, miscreants, deceivers,
Apostates, blackguards, pirates, cut-throats, infidels, and unbelievers,
Caitiffs and scoundrels, vagabones, scamps, renegadoes and rascalions,
Get out, I say!—don't talk to me about your union of Italians.

And then confound their politics, which I've no patience while I mention,
That there disastrous and pernicious principle, Non-Interwention!
I do deplore, I do abhor, denies it and protests agin it,
Partic'lar as applies to me; hang all that's part and parcel in it!

Ah! they'll repent on it one day, when these here liberal opinions,
On them there Suvrings their own selves shall bring the loss of their dominions,
Oh! then they'll beg and pray in wain their neighbors for to send them bullets,
And bagganets, to ram their wills down their rebellious people's gullets.

Help! Haustria, Spain, and Portigee, all you as holds the true persuasion,
Agin them parricidal arms; that there degenerate brat's inwasion,
I calls on bevery pious Prince and summonses each faithful nation,
For to defend my sacred rights from this here ojus wiolation.

Drat all them brigands, buccaneers, riff-raff, and rips, and ragamuffins,
Rascals, tag-rag-and-bobtail, mob, scum, refuge, rabblement, and ruff'uns!
Wuss gang of criminals ne'er walked unhanged, or died with feet in leather,
Drat them, drat all and every thing, drat every body altogether!

"Know Thyself."—Moralists are always dinning this precept into our ears. We should hardly venture, however, to recommend it to the notice of Dr. Cullen; for supposing he succeeded, he would be forming a very low acquaintance.

### "SAVOIR PARLER" AND "SAVOIR ECOUTER."

[BY OUR SNUBBED CONTRIBUTOR.]

Any fool can make a Woman talk, but it requires a very clever man to make her listen.

The Pope an Ultra-Protestant.—"This" Pontiff "doth protest too much, methinks."

Sacolli, the Papal Nuncio, who is as much a man of the world as churchman, entered a *salon* lately, while the company were playing "comparisons," and a charming woman was being "put to the question," on the culprit's stool. "Ah! Monseigneur," she cried out to the Nuncio, "pray relieve me from my penance. I can not tell how to answer the question they have asked me."—"What is it, then?"—"They ask why friendship is like my crinoline."—"I see nothing very embarrassing in that, Madam. Tell them that in friendship, as in crinoline, appearances are deceitful."

Young folks tell what they do, old ones, what they have done, and fools, what they will do.

A little four-year-old the other day nonplused [illegible]ther by making the following inquiry: "Mother [illegible] is a mister, ain't a woman a mystery?"

The man who buys a herring and then [illegible] take it home is extravagant.

"Although you count yourself a brighter fellow than I am, yet I can come round you," as the earth said to the sun.

In the olden time they counted seven wise men. Now, take men at their own value, and you won't find half that number of fools.

The bellman of Waterton, announcing a teetotal meeting, said it would be addressed by six females "who had never spoken before."

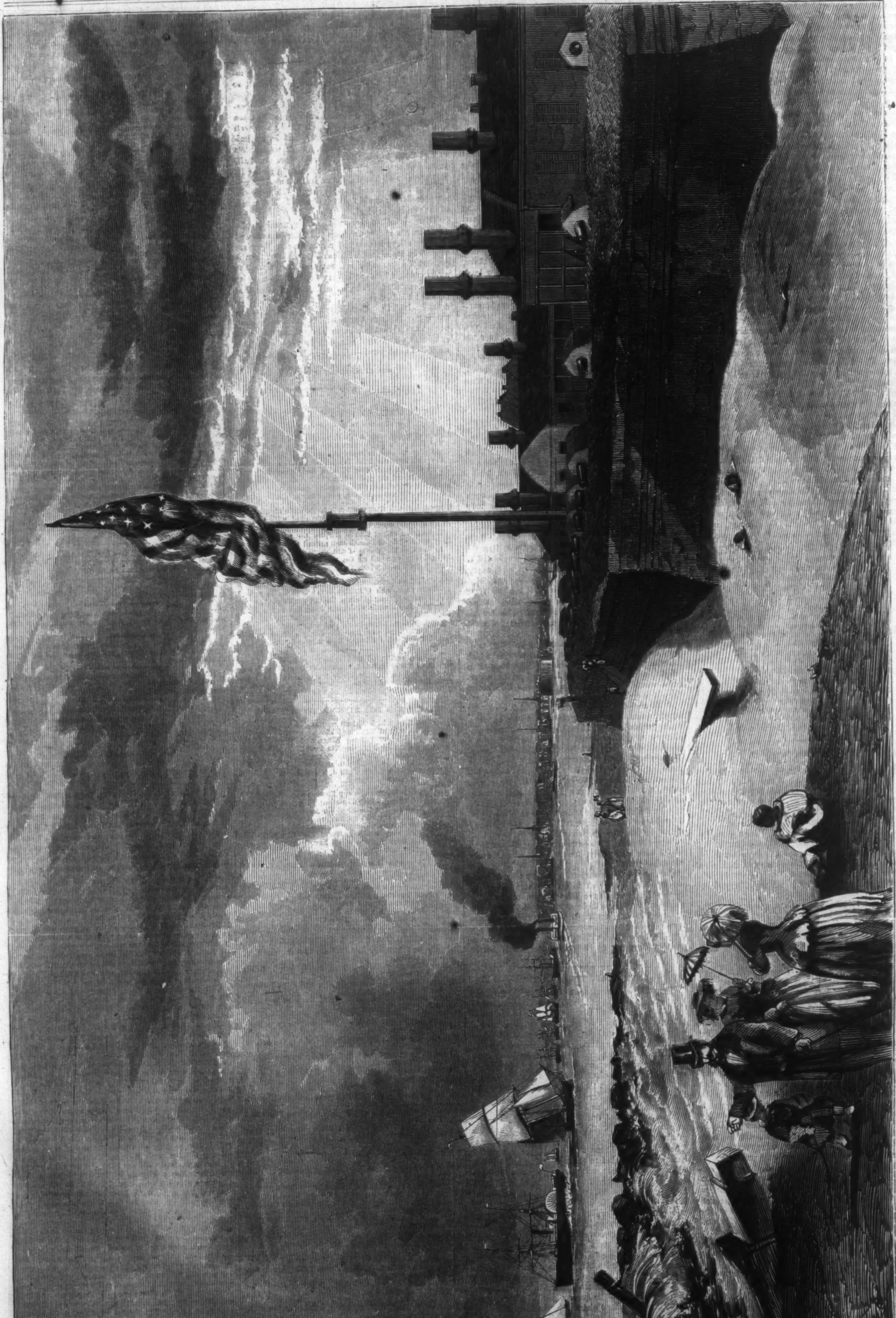
A guest at the Duke of Wellington's table blurted out the question, "Pray, duke, were you surprised at Waterloo?" With what a neat and easy turn of the wrist he ran the unhappy man through—"No, but I am now."

## THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON.

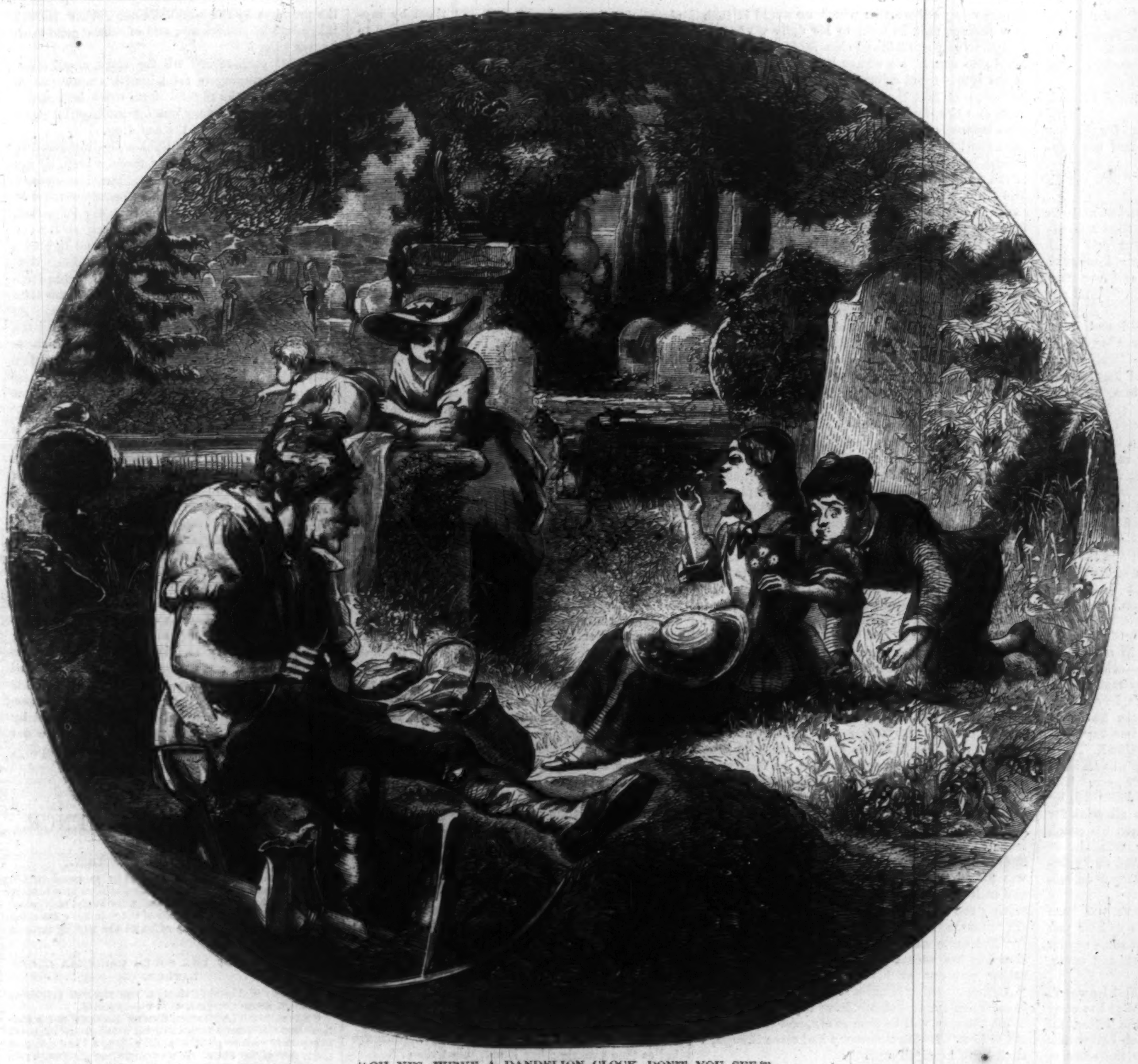
We publish on the following page a fine engraving of the City and Harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, showing Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, and the entrance to the Palmetto City. It is a surpassingly lovely view, and one which once seen is never forgotten. An eminent Southern writer has thus described it, and we can not do better than give his description in his own words

"As you enter from the sea, between the Islands of Sullivan and Morris, the city opens before you in the foreground, five miles distant—rising, like another Venice, from the ocean. It is built, like Venice, upon flats and shoals of sand and mud. So low is the land, that the illusion that it is built directly in the sea continues till you approach quite near it. This illusion is productive of a picturesque effect, but not sufficiently to compensate you for the relief which would be yielded by an elevated background, or by lofty eminences of land on either side. As you advance the bay expands, wide and majestic, forming a harborage to which there can be no objection, were it not for the embarrassments of the bar at the entrance, which forbids the admission of ships of very heavy draught of water. It is a present project with the Charlestonians—supposed to be quite feasible—so to dredge this channel as to remove every difficulty. In that event, Charleston must necessarily acquire a large and imposing commercial marine of her own. In front of you, commanding the channel, is Fort Sumter, a formidable pile of fortress, with double tier of heavy cannon, rising upon a mole at the head of a sand-bar. In passing Sullivan's Island, the eye readily distinguishes the Moultrie House, famous as a local watering-place; and the still more famous fortress, which also bears the name of Moultrie, distinguished in American history as the scene of one of the first and best-fought battles of the Revolution, when a few hundred native riflemen, who had never fired a cannon before, beat off, and nearly destroyed, a formidable British fleet, making such slaughter among them as, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was not even rivaled by that of Trafalgar and the Nile. On the right you see Haddrill's—Mount Pleasant village—which also constituted one of the fortresses of '76. On the left are the shores of James and Morris Islands, the latter bearing the light-house of the port; the former the site of old Fort Johnson, which was wrested from the British, prior to the battle of Fort Moultrie, by the enterprise of a small body of citizen soldiery. Here, at the very portals of the city, you encounter Castle Pinckney, covering an ancient mud reef; and here we propose to give you a bird's-eye view of the city itself. We are now in the ancient city itself—the Palmetto City! You see the *tout ensemble* at a glance, and perceive its two most prominent characteristic—the verandas, balconies, piazzas, with the ample gardens and their foliage, which isolate every dwelling-house, and form a substitute for public squares, in which Charleston is lamentably deficient. But for the largeness of the several lots, and the taste of the people for shade-trees, the deficiency would be fatal at once to the health and the beauty of the place.

"This city is one of many beauties, arising from this isolation of the dwellings, and from the ample verdure which girdles them."



FORT MOULTRIE (SULLIVAN'S ISLAND). CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, IN THE DISTANCE.—[See preceding Page.]



"OH YES, WE'VE A DANDELION CLOCK, DON'T YOU SEE?"

## THE SEXTON'S STORY.

"Now Grandpa, we've brought you your dinner to-day,
And mother said Harry and I could both stay
And play hide and seek for a while without fear—
It does not seem lonely when Grandpa is here.

"And then—won't you tell us that story you told
All about Robin Hale, who was winsome and bold,
Whose love was so strong, whose heart was so brave?"
"Yes, child, by-and-by—when I've finished this grave.

"That will be three o'clock—but you will not know
How fast on the grave-stones the shadows will go."
"Oh yes, we've a dandelion clock, don't you see?
We blow on it thrice—so—now it is three."

"About Robin Hale? Ah, well should I know
That story by heart! It was four years ago
Since I saw him at first, on the old village green,
Where the lads and the lasses at even are seen.

"And I marked his dark eye, with its glances of fire,
Resting on Lucy Lee, only child of the Squire—
Watching long for one look from those sunny blue eyes—
But his words, as he spoke, were all ended in sighs.

"For he was but poor—no houses nor lands
He owned—only courage, and two honest hands.
And Lucy, fair Lucy, an heiress was she—
Too rich to be won by a lad poor as he.

"Then I saw him go forth—at the sunset he came
To yonder white tomb-stone behind you (the name
Only 'MOTHER' thereon). A while he bowed low;
Then, rising, he murmured, 'Dear Mother, I go.

"'For there's no one to love me, and no one to care,
Since you went to the grave—oh, would I were there!
Dear Lucy I can not, no, never can win'—
He was gone—only shadows where he had just been.

"Then I met Lucy Lee, and I saw her grow pale
When I spoke of the lad who had gone, Robin Hale;
But she crushed down her tears, never guessing his heart,
Or that love he deemed hopeless had bid him depart.

"Soon a new suitor came. She but turned her aside
When he whispered his love and would make her his bride;
Until weary of life—at her father's command—
She gave to Ralph Vane—not her heart—but her hand.

"Wasn't that a brave wedding—the bride all in white?—
But the guests never knew who had witnessed the sight—
I hid him right well, in the old oaken pew
In the church, when the bride and her train glided through.

"With affection undimmed, with a fortune hard won,
Robin Hale had come back. Ere the pageant was gone
He turned him away; and was never more seen
In the church or the yard where the grave is so green."

The story was finished—but stealthy and still
The children came close, pointing up to the hill:
"See, Grandpa, *she* came with her baby a while,
And leaned on the tablet, not far from the stile.

"And she cried when you told us about Robin Hale:
And see, she lives yonder—that cot in the vale."
"That house is Ralph Vane's—ah, yes, it is she:
She has heard now too late how he loved Lucy Lee."

## BARLOW BROTHERS' BOOKS.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago Reuben and Samuel Barlow commenced to trade together as grocers under the style and title of Barlow Brothers. When the firm first came into being, the sole assistant of the brothers (with the exception of the porter) was a certain Isaac Jackson, who discharged the double duties of shopman and clerk, and who had progressed with the business, until at last he became cash and book-keeper, as well as confidential clerk and general adviser to Reuben Barlow. Although not, like his employer, a "Friend," yet Isaac was one of the shyest and meekest of men; silent and reserved, he had no tastes, no amusements, no hopes and fears, no cares or enjoyments, but such as arose from and had reference to Barlow Brothers, their business, and—pre-eminently and superlatively—their books. He lived on the premises—as did the warehouseman, whose wife acted as housekeeper—and often enough, after the place was closed to the outer world for the night, Isaac used to remain in the counting-house, engaged in posting, balancing, and entering up those cherished volumes. And truly, if he gave much care and attention to them, they well repaid him; they were model books—no blots defaced their broad surfaces; no erasures ruffled their smooth texture; no critic could have made just objection to aught there visible, had any such ever seen them, which Isaac would have taken good care to place beyond the reach of possibility; those sacred objects were not to be gazed at by profane eyes, nor handled by careless or flagitious fingers. It was believed that Isaac would rather you damaged himself than his books, and a young apprentice had personal proof of how dangerous it was to transgress in this respect, when once, by way of a joke, as he thought, he dropped the day-book on the floor. Unhappy youth! Isaac, albeit usually slow alike in bodily movement and in wrath, sprang at him and boxed his ears soundly.

"Get—get out of the place," he stammered; "you're not fit to be in it."

And though next day he begged Perkins's pardon—hoped he hadn't hurt him—and gave him a holiday, yet the sudden outburst of temper was a significant index to his feelings.

Reuben Barlow, who was fond of a joke, sometimes used to say that if Isaac were going to be married, he was sure that the cash-book would manage somehow to stop the ceremony; and at other times was accustomed to speak of the ledger as Mrs. Jackson. It was often said that Isaac might have been a partner long ago, had he wished; and it was supposed that a strong reason in his mind for declining that position, was a feeling that, in such a case, it would be *infra-dig* to keep his own books, and an unwillingness to resign such duty into other hands.

From what had been stated, Isaac's feelings may perhaps be imagined when it is told that Reuben Barlow entered his sanctum one morning, and thus addressed him:

"When thou hast the time, Isaac, I want thee to look at Black and Briggs's account, and see what amounts we have paid them lately."

"What's the matter with Black and Briggs?" quoth Isaac.

"Nay, that is that thou hast to help to discover," returned Reuben: "John Black tells me they find their cashier has been robbing them, and asks me to give him particulars of their account with us, without noising the matter abroad; therefore, Isaac, name it not to any one at present."

"Been robbing them!" echoed Isaac, lifting up his hands solemnly; "dear me—dear me! Ah, I feared that man greatly—too flighty, too unsteady. Not six months ago he was in this very place receiving a payment, and when he came to write a receipt he pushed that ledger out of the way as if it had been a stone, and well nigh upset the inkstand over it. Well, well; dear me." Isaac smoothed the leather cover of the insulted volume and turned up Black and Briggs's folio. "Ay, just so," he murmured, "two-fifty on the ninth March, one-twenty on—How far shall I go back; has he been long engaged in this robbery?"

"I fear so," replied Reuben.

"Nay but, in that case," said Isaac, "how is it he hasn't been found out ere now?"

"Why, thou must know, Isaac," said Reuben, with a smile, "if thou can'st bring thy mind to compass it, that he has falsified the books, and has shown great art in erasing and altering figures to suit his ends."

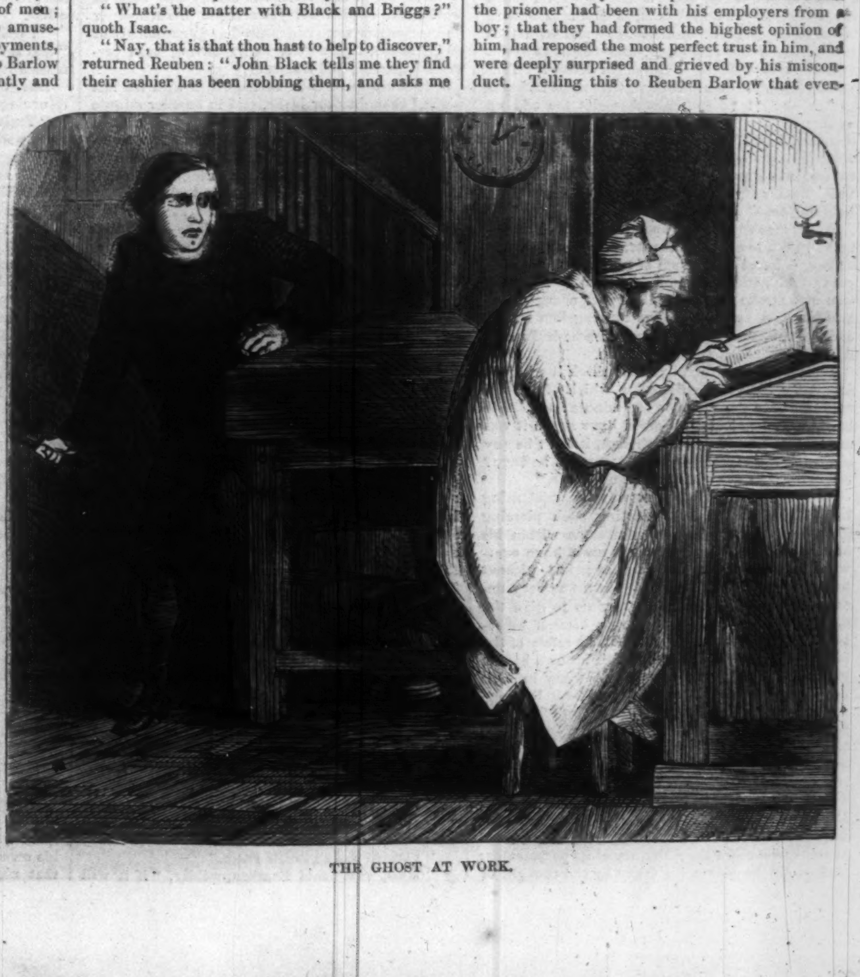
Altering the books!—erasing! Isaac was dumb for some minutes trying to fathom the depths of such cold-blooded villainy. At last he looked Reuben doubtfully in the face and murmured:

"I suppose—it isn't a—hanging matter, is it?"

"Nay, nay," said Reuben, laughing, "not so bad as that; the law will lay him by the heels for the money he has taken, and leave what I dare say thou thinks the worst of the affair unpunished. But do thou make out the account, and I will give it to John Black myself."

During the remainder of the day Isaac wore a very anxious and preoccupied look, and when brought into contact with the apprentices, who were apt to be careless and frivolous in word and deed, gazed seriously on them, and then gravely shook his head, as seeming with difficulty to refrain from addressing them. The truth is, he was brooding over the morning's communication, and trying to imagine by what steps any man could arrive at the horrible wickedness of laying sacrilegious hands on such sacred articles as books; and when next day Reuben informed him that sundry discrepancies having been discovered between his account and that kept by the defaulter, he would have to attend at the police-court on the morrow, to prove certain payments, he became quite sepulchral in his gloom.

He did duly attend the police-court, but the case was not gone into fully, the accused being remanded for a week. It was, however, opened, and Isaac heard the attorney for the prosecution declare that the prisoner had been with his employers from a boy; that they had formed the highest opinion of him, had reposed the most perfect trust in him, and were deeply surprised and grieved by his misconduct. Telling this to Reuben Barlow that ever-



THE GHOST AT WORK.

ing, "Ay," observed the latter, "John Black said to me, 'I would as soon have suspected him, Reuben, as thou would thy Isaac Jackson,'" and Reuben laughed a jolly laugh at the notion. But Isaac did not reply as the other expected.

"*He* had been with *them* from a boy," he said, half to himself.

"And might have been with them for the rest of his life," said Reuben, "if this had not happened."

"Ay, *if*," quoth Isaac, dreamily; "how did he begin? I say, *how*?"

"Nay, *I* know not, and it matters but little to *thee*," said Reuben; "and now, hast thou a Bradshaw? I start to-morrow for Bristol, and shall not see thee till this business is over. I am glad thou has only to speak to dry facts, or I fear thou might bear hardly on him. Farewell." And off went Reuben.

At the proper time Isaac attended and duly proved the payments as per account rendered. A shy and reserved man, he was considerably put about by the unwonted turmoil and bustle into which circumstances had plunged him, and the line taken by the prisoner's legal defender didn't tend to clear his brain or steady his nerves. That gentleman, seeing the manner of man before him, made an effort to bother Isaac by some of the stock-inquiries usual in such cases, as whether *he*, Isaac, never made mistakes by any chance—whether he always made his entries at the time of payment—whether he would swear he had made these particular entries at the proper time—whether his cash had always balanced, and so on; and though, of course, he elicited nothing in favor of his client, he yet produced considerable effect upon poor Isaac, already bewildered by much musing on this affair.

The old man left the court half inclined to doubt, in spite of himself, whether he was, in reality, so correct as he had stated: even worse—whether, if so then, he, as well as that unhappy man might not one day be tempted and fall. True, he couldn't contemplate, without horror, the idea; but that prisoner—would not he also at one time have felt the same dismay at such a contemplation? There must have been a beginning, and why was he himself more secure than other men? etc., etc. The fact is, Isaac, wearied, agitated, and disturbed, by brooding on this subject, and above all weak for want of his dinner, which he had been too much interested to get at the usual hour, was almost monomaniacal for the time, and looked so woebegone in the evening that the housekeeper on seeing him attacked him at once.

"Why, Mr. Jackson, whatever 'ave you been doing? Not had your dinner? No wonder you look so miserable. Now just you get some supper at once, and then take a drop of spirit and water, and go your ways to bed."

It was in vain for Isaac to declare that he wasn't hungry and could not eat; he was obliged to obey the housekeeper's prescription to the letter, for though, after his meal, he felt so much better that he said something about going into the office to finish that part of his day's work which had been perforce neglected, the proposal was instantly and decidedly negatived; and accordingly to bed he went, taking into his custody, as usual, the safe-keys, which he always kept under his pillow. He rose so much better next morning that he felt disposed to laugh at his melancholy musings of the previous evening; and when it became time to repair to the counting-house, he had almost got over his fancies, and felt better than he had done for some days.

"It was having to appear against that poor fellow," said he to himself, as he reverently removed the books from the safe. "Now that's over, I hope I shall forget it and him: I almost wish I could think it a mistake on my part, as that man wanted to make out; but it couldn't be;" and with that Isaac opened his cash-book, and began to count over the cash-balance of the night before: "Ten, twenty, thirty," he murmured, "hundred and sixty-five—hallo! talk of mistakes—let me add up again; no, that's all right. Why, bless me, I remember, I *had* one hundred and sixty-five pounds when I balanced, and now, by the book, I ought only to have one hundred and five. How can it be? Such a thing never happened before. Can *I* be going to—"

And Isaac sank down upon his stool. Presently he began to examine the items in the book, and at length found that a sum of two hundred pounds paid by him and so entered, had been by the addition of a stroke to the middle cipher changed into two hundred and sixty, thus making him appear to have paid sixty pounds more than he had really done. Isaac fired up in a moment.

"Some of those rascally lads; think it a joke, I suppose. Now if I only knew which of 'em I'd turn him into the street in one minute: to dare to imitate my hand too! I could have sworn it was my own doing. After all, though, it can't be any one doing it seriously—what object could he have? No, it must be one of those plaguey boys."

So soliloquizing, Isaac got to work, contenting himself, for the time, by darting such piercing glances at the apprentices who came within his ken as one would have supposed must have overwhelmed the audacious evil-doer; but without producing any visible result. Isaac was very undecided that evening, whether or no to give the culprit a chance of compromising himself by repeating his crime; but anxiety for the safety of the books prevailed, and having, with his own hands, placed them in the safe, he took the key into his keeping, and left them for the night. By next morning Isaac had reasoned himself into the belief that the audacious mischief had been a sudden outburst of boyish waywardness, a sharp temptation begotten of opportunity; and congratulating himself upon his decision to make all safe the night before, he resolved to correct the error which marred the perfection of his handiwork, and if he could not forget or forgive the outrage, at all events to trust to chance for the discovery of its perpetrator; and so did he please his fancy by the thought of the crushing exhortation which he would in such case bestow, that he went to his daily work in a comparatively equable and cheerful frame of mind. Miserable man! No sooner had his eye glanced at the symmetrical columns of the cash-book than he perceived that the same busy hand had again been at work, and this time to a greater extent than before; numerous falsifications forced themselves on his bewildered vision, executed with diabolical ingenuity, both as to the mode and style of the fraud: threes were changed into fives, ones into fours, ciphers into sixes and nines, and all in exact imitation of his own handwriting; he was forced to admit that had his senses not borne witness to the contrary, he should have had to confess his own handiwork. The matter was now indeed serious: no one had access by fair means to the books but himself; could it possibly be, thought Isaac, in his anguish, that the fiend was permitted to chastise his pride of accuracy in this fearful manner? A cold sweat bathed his face at the thought. If done by mortal agency, however, what was the object of alterations which appeared to make him responsible for less money than he had really in his custody? It must plainly be that the money itself would next be by some means abstracted, and he, accused of the fraud, would be confronted by the altered books. And then—what then? Isaac couldn't follow the train of thought further. He *would* find out this villainous plotter; he would conceal himself in the counting-house that night without naming the matter to a soul, and then he would see. So said, so done: after remaining working by himself till late, he went as usual to his own room, but instead of going to bed, slipped noiselessly down stairs with the key of the safe in his pocket, and took up his position behind a desk, where by a little management he could command a view of the whole room. Here he remained undisturbed, save by the ticking of the office clock, by fancied noises now and then, and by his own agitating thoughts. Chilled to the bone, obliged to remain in the dark, and perhaps a little frightened, he nevertheless sat bravely on, hearing the hours strike one after another, and every now and then taking a stealthy walk to keep himself awake; so passed time and the hour until the old church clock, just outside, boomed high in air—five. Glad to find his vigil so nearly over, and triumphant, though rather disappointed at finding himself no nearer a solution of the mystery, Isaac sat down on his own stool, and presently finding his head bump against the desk before him, was forced to conclude that he had been asleep, and so it proved; for on striking a match and consulting the clock, it showed a few minutes before six to be the time.

"Not quite an hour, at all events," said Isaac, slapping his pocket to feel for the safe-key, and rather put out at his failure in watchfulness. "And every thing is quite still. No one can have been in that time; I should have been sure to wake. Well, the men will be here at six, and then I shall get to bed. I wish the scamp had come though, I shall have to watch again."

At six, accordingly, Isaac was released, and went to make up for his night's watch, but was at his place in the office very little later than his usual hour.

"Shall I tell Reuben Barlow, or not?" soliloquized he, as he unlocked the safe. "He'll be back to-day, and it would be as well to do so."

But on second thoughts he determined that it would be better to discover the plotter before speaking to any one.

"And, at all events," said he to himself, "I can keep matters from getting worse for a few days, and by that time, perhaps—"

Isaac gave a deep groan, and well he might. In spite of watch and ward the enemy had been at work; the entries left yesternight in such order and symmetry were caricatured and travestied out of all shape, figure after figure having been perverted, altered, and inserted.

"It must have been in the room with me last night," thought poor Isaac, and in another minute the clerks were alarmed by hearing a loud thump, and on entering Isaac's office by finding its occupant on the floor insensible; for the first time in his life he had fainted. On coming to himself, however, he repelled all inquiry and advice.

"Nothing was the matter with him, he had slipped in getting on to his stool," he said, "and fallen." He closed the open cash-book sharply, and with a suspicious glance at those around him, and bidding them all rather ungraciously get to their work and leave him, he sat down to try and think calmly over the matter. It was in vain, and by the time Reuben Barlow returned Isaac had pretty nearly worked himself into a fever. Informed of Isaac's fainting fit, Reuben, nevertheless, said nothing on the point at first, beginning quietly to talk about indifferent subjects; but so dispirited and short were Isaac's replies that at last he said:

"I fear thou'rt not well to-day, Isaac?"

"What, I suppose you've been hearing some nonsense or other in the office since you came in, but there's nothing the matter with me."

"Well," replied Reuben. "Seeing that thou'rt not in the habit of lying on thy back on the floor, thou mustn't be surprised at what's said when thou begins to do so;" and observing that Isaac was indisposed for further parley, Reuben left him. Toward the close of business, however, he again visited him, and seeing him poring over the cash-book:

"Doesn't thou think," he said, "thou hast done enough for to-day? Ay, that's right, shut it to."

Isaac having done so rather sharply.

"Nay," he went on. "Never trouble thyself to put the books away, the youth Perkins shall do it for to-night."

Now, Perkins, as may be remembered, was he who had misused the day-book on a certain former occasion, and so supposing that Reuben was joking him, Isaac said, rather sulkily:

"Perkins sha'n't touch them."

"Well, well," said Reuben, mildly, "if it will please thee better, I will even put them by myself," and he forthwith began to suit the action to the word.

Now, though Reuben seeing that Isaac was ill, was only anxious to spare him exertion, the latter, full of the great mystery in which he was so dreadfully involved, saw only the desire to meddle with the causes of his woe, and all at once his mind became possessed with dark suspicions.

"Could Reuben suspect any thing? Impossible! And yet why this wish to handle the books?" Whatever might be the reason it must not be gratified. "I'm not going to leave them in the safe at all to-night, I'm going to take them up stairs into my own room. I want to look over them," said he.

"Thou'd far better leave them alone till to-morrow," urged Reuben, "for I am sure thou art not fit—well, well, as thou wilt—as thou wilt."

So Isaac had them borne up stairs before him, of course with the intention of keeping them under his eye, until he had made up his mind as to what course to pursue. He did keep them under his eye during the evening, and carried them into his bedroom when he went there himself, placing them on a chair by his bedside, and carefully locking his room door.

"They're safe for to-night," thought Isaac, as he regarded them mournfully; "but it's dreadful to think that I shall have to watch them in this way constantly."

He took one last look at their fair proportions just before extinguishing his candle, and after putting his hand out of bed once or twice to feel them, turned over and slept the sleep of the weary. As his last waking care had been for the books, so was his first: he raised himself in bed, and took a glance; there they were, but—but surely not in the same order as when he last saw them. He was out on the floor in an instant; one short look was sufficient; he fell back into the bed, and trembled till the couch shook again. Then a ray of hope fell upon him: had he left the door open? Willing to find his memory treacherous, he rose and tried the door; locked, even as he had left it. And now, poor Isaac in despair, became firmly convinced that he was the victim of some evil spirit, and shuddered at the thought of his co-tenant during "the dead waste and middle of the night." Long time took he to dress, and a miserable man did he look when he presented himself at the breakfast table. Though breakfast was a mere form with him, he lingered so long in his chair that Mrs. Hall, the housekeeper, seriously alarmed at this state of things, quietly went and begged Reuben (an early man) to come up stairs and persuade Isaac to forego attendance at his duties for the day.

"Why, Isaac, what's the matter with *thee* to-day?" began Reuben, cheerily, but stopped short, shocked at the change in the other's appearance. "Thou art surely very ill," said he, more quietly.

"Nay, not ill," said Isaac, faintly.

"Not ill!" said Reuben, "then thy appearance belies thee greatly; but if not, what then?"

Isaac sat silent for a while, and then burst out suddenly, "Why, if I tell the truth, I should say I was tormented by the devil."

"Be not profane, Isaac," said Reuben, seriously, but then went on kindly: "Thee hast got something on thy mind: would it not comfort thee, think'st thou, to let me know it?"

Thus adjured, Isaac poured out his story in a flood, to the great amazement of the other, who, however, listened to the end without a word. But that which had begotten fear in Isaac Jackson's breast roused only indignation in the stout heart of Reuben Barlow, and he smote the table with his hand rather more emphatically than beseemed the breadth of his brim and the uprightness of his collar.

"I tell thee, Isaac," he said, with a grim smile, "this is more carnal than spiritual work; but let me see it with mine own eyes."

And off marched Reuben to Isaac's bedroom, returning with the maltreated books.

"Truly," he remarked, "this man—or fiend as thou wilt have it—hath a marvelous knack of imitating thy hand."

"No *man* could do it," quoth Isaac.

"I will prove to thee that some man *hath* done it," retorted Reuben. "I will take my own stand in thy office this night, and if haply I light upon him—"

Reuben involuntary clenched his fist, and stretched forth his muscular right arm. Albeit, a member of a peaceable sect, his action was significant to the meanest capacity of his intention to make this outrage felt by the captured perpetrator.

But Isaac would not hear of solitary watch being kept, "for," said he, "if you go to sleep as I did, all your trouble will be lost;" so that Reuben was forced to let him join in the vigil. They watched in company, therefore, all night, without any disturbance, rather to Reuben's disgust, who said at seven o'clock in the morning,

"Well, we've kept thy books safe, but otherwise are just as we were; this man must know when watch is kept, and is wise enough to stay away out of trouble."

"Don't be so sure the books are all right," said Isaac, drearily.

"What!" cried Reuben, "would thou have me take up thy absurd and profane notions? Let us look for ourselves;" and so saying he opened the safe, and there, sure enough, were the books untouched and unaltered.

"Now, what say'st thou?" asked Reuben.

Isaac was obliged to admit himself somewhat reassured, and said that perhaps the mischief-maker had got tired of his joke.

"Well, thou canst try by giving him the chance to-night," returned Reuben.

Now this, if not absolutely deceitful in word, was decidedly so in intent; for Reuben himself had no thought of giving up the affair until he had obtained some result, and he accordingly made his own arrangements for keeping solitary watch that night, and at a late hour was admitted to the premises by the warehouseman, whom he had taken into his confidence, and of whose good faith he was sure.

He sat undisturbed till the clock struck two, and was beginning to think that his watch would be as quiet as the night before, when he heard a slight noise, as of some one descending the stairs from the upper floor of the building.

"Now for it," thought Reuben, feeling about in the dark for a ruler, having found which, he got behind a desk and kept quiet. The door opened, and some one entered. Reuben heard the tread of a man without shoes. The intruder advanced, picked up a match-box from the desk, as Reuben knew by the sound, struck a match, and lighted a gas jet. Keeping him full in view, Reuben then watched him go to the safe, unlock it, bring forth the books, place them on Isaac's desk, and then deliberately proceed to examine the entries. At this point Reuben advanced boldly and seized the individual by the arm, when—Isaac Jackson awoke, and found himself sitting on his own office stool, clad solely in a long white garment, and with a pen in his hand; while Reuben Barlow stood beside him looking rather grim, and saying,

"Doesn't thou think thou'd be better in bed, Isaac, than playing these tricks?"

No more passed then; Reuben returned the books to their stronghold, put out the gas, saw Isaac into bed, and went his way; but the next day gave his book-keeper certain advice and warning at considerable length concerning morbid fancies and heavy suppers. It was with no small difficulty that Isaac nerved himself to face the office for a little time, feeling convinced in his own mind as he did, that every little gathering of the clerks which he chanced to see was by no means "a fortuitous combination of atoms," but a meeting for the express purpose of debate respecting the recent mystery and its solution, particulars of which had in some unexplained manner leaked out. He lived for some little time in desperate fear of his nocturnal propensity; but no recurrence ever again troubled him, and he would by this time almost have forgotten it, if it were not for Reuben Barlow's occasional jocular inquiry, "Barlow Brothers' Books all right, Isaac?"

# DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE Presidential Election took place as usual on 6th November, and resulted in the choice of Abraham Lincoln for President, and Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President of the United States. The details of the vote have not come to hand; we publish in the editorial the leading facts as known.

### PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE.

The news of Lincoln's election was received quietly at Columbia, South Carolina, as it was expected.

On 7th, in the Legislature, Senator Moses offered resolutions that the Committee on Federal Relations be instructed to report as soon as possible a bill calling a Convention of the people of the State. It was carried unanimously. In the House a bill was introduced providing summary punishment for all abolitionists detected tampering with negroes. A bill was introduced amending the free negro regulations. A State Convention was called. The election of delegates will probably be ordered on the 4th of December, and the Convention meet on the 17th. Messrs. Boyce, Bonham, and Keitt urge the call for a Convention and immediate action.

On 8th, the Governor sent to the Legislature a message earnestly recommending it to indemnify the losses of the resigning federal officials. Resolutions to that effect were introduced into both houses. The Senate concurred in the House resolution to authorize the Governor to use one hundred thousand dollars already appropriated to purchase arms. In the House Mr. Buist introduced a bill, calling the Convention at Columbia. It was referred to the Committee on Federal Relations. Mr. Aldrich introduced a bill, compelling free negroes to leave the State or select masters. It was referred. A resolution was introduced for raising a million of dollars immediately for the public defense. The matter was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Cunningham introduced a bill to arm the State. It authorizes the Governor to issue bonds to the amount of four hundred thousand dollars, at six per cent., payable annually on pledge of the State. It was read and referred to the Military Committee.

The House refused, by an overwhelming vote, to fix on Saturday for a *sine die* adjournment.

### THE DISUNION CONVENTION.

In the Senate, on November 9, Mr. Garlington, from the Committee on Federal Relations, reported a bill calling a Convention of the people of the State to take into consideration the dangers incident to the present position of our State in the Union, and to take measures which may be necessary and proper for providing against the same. The bill provides that the Convention shall assemble on the second Monday in January, and the election for delegates occur on the Tuesday previous, the number of delegates from each district to correspond with the number of its Senators and representatives in the Legislature. The last provision of the bill requests the Governor to communicate a copy to the Executives of the slaveholding States, and urge their co-operation in providing for the future safety, welfare, and independence of the South.

After a brief discussion concerning the time fixed, the bill passed by yeas forty-four, nays one. The dissenting Senator differed about the time only.

### SEPARATE STATE ACTION OR CO-OPERATION.

In the House, Mr. Trenholm's resolutions, to send a commissioner to Georgia, was taken up, and a sharp debate ensued between the co-operationists and separate State action men.

Mr. Gray opposed the resolution. Separate action, he said, was the doctrine advocated by Calhoun and M'Duffie, and recognized by De Tocqueville. He hoped South Carolina would throw off the odious federal yoke, and seek safety under the Palmetto flag—the ægis of our rights and liberties.

Mr. M'Gowan said South Carolina wished to secede long ago, but for ten years her policy had been to await co-operation. Now on the eve of success, it would be the height of madness to wait to unite with her Southern sisters. The history of Peloponnesia, Poland, modern Italy, and Central America proved the truth of the maxim, "United we stand, divided we fall." He was ready, however, to abide by the decision of the Convention.

Mr. Mullins thought the attempt to secure co-operation would be disastrous, and cited the case of the Commission sent to Virginia. If we waited for other States to lead, slavery would be abandoned, and the South oppressed like India by the East India Company. He felt the importance of action, and thought it would be time enough to send commissioners when they had formally declared the Union broken. Suppose Georgia declined acting, what policy would his friend pursue?

Mr. M'Gowan did not indicate any policy. His idea was to proceed, *pari passu*, with Georgia.

Mr. Mullins replied that we could not with dignity ask co-operation until we have ourselves acted.

The consideration of the resolutions was then postponed till next day.

#### RESIGNATION OF SENATOR CHESNUT.

On the opening of the House of Assembly, on 10th, for business, the Speaker announced that he had received a communication from Mr. Chesnut, resigning his position as a Senator of the United States.

Mr. Whaley offered a resolution that the resignation be accepted. He said that what under other circumstances would be regarded with regret, could now be only recognized as an act of loyal devotion to South Carolina.

#### SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

Mr. Desaussure made a report from the Committee on Ways and Means, recommending a bill for the postponement of the act requiring the banks to have one-third of gold and silver to two-thirds of their issue.

This report was unanimously adopted.

A similar bill passed the Senate.

#### THE CONVENTION TO MEET 17TH DECEMBER.

Mr. Aldrich made a report from the Committee on Federal Relations, making amendments to the Senate bill calling a Convention of the people, by inserting that an election be held on the 6th of December instead of the 6th of January, and that the Convention meet on the 17th of December instead of the 10th of January.

Mr. Black, of York, opposed the amendment, and wanted more time to canvass the Senate bill.

Mr. Thompson, of Union, said that the agriculturists in the upper country wanted more time.

Mr. Winsmith interrupted with resolutions relating to declaring the opinion of South Carolina and inviting cooperation.

These resolutions were tabled.

The resolutions from the Charleston meeting were introduced, when the House went into Committee of the Whole, and a discussion ensued on Mr. Aldrich's report from the Committee on Federal Relations.

At the conclusion of the debate the question was put, "Shall the Bill for calling a Convention pass and be sent to the Senate?"

Here another discussion followed.

Mr. Aldrich said that all had favored the Senate's Bill, but the developments the last twenty-four hours had brought out made decided action necessary. Telegraph messages are constantly arriving, calling on us to act.

A vote was then taken by ayes and noes, when the bill calling for a Convention was unanimously passed, the whole number present (one hundred and seventeen), voting "aye."

The State Senate met at seven o'clock in the evening to consider the amendments of the House to the bill calling a Convention. Forty-one Senators were present, and all of them voted in favor of the bill as amended; so it was unanimously passed.

#### THE EXCITEMENT IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A dispatch dated Charleston, November 8, says: The States Rights flag was raised at the *Mercury* office at noon yesterday, with tremendous cheers from thousands who had congregated in the vicinity of that office.

The Federal Judge, A. G. Magrath, District Attorney James Conner, Collector William F. Colcock, and other federal officers have resigned.

The bark *James Gray*, owned by Cushing's Boston line, lying at our wharves, under instructions from the owners, has hoisted the Palmetto flag, and fired a salute of fifteen guns.

A large body of citizens called on the resigned federal officers last night. They were greeted with enthusiasm. The officials returned thanks in spirited addresses.

A meeting was held at Columbia, South Carolina, on 8th, which determined to return forthwith all Northern claims sent for collection.

The Speaker of the South Carolina House on the 7th received a dispatch from Virginia, tendering the services of a volunteer corps in the event of South Carolina's secession.

#### MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

Governor Brown, in a special message to the Legislature of Georgia, thinks that but few States will meet in the Southern Convention, and does not recommend the appointment of delegates from Georgia. He thinks the constitutional rights of the people of Georgia have been violated by several non-slaveholding States to the extent of justifying, in the judgment of civilized nations, the adoption of any measures necessary for the restoration of the future protection of their rights. He refers to the patriotic spirit in the origin of our government, and portrays the series of unconstitutional and unfriendly acts. Subsequently he is pointedly severe on Massachusetts laws, and says if the laws of Massachusetts cause plunder from Georgia citizens, that State must be compelled to compensate them. He advises reprisals, and says let us meet unjust aggression and unconstitutional State legislation with just retaliation. He recommends the enactment of laws authorizing the seizing of such amount of money or property of any citizen of such offending and faithless State for indemnifying the losses of the citizens of Georgia. He recommends legislation to drive the manufactured articles of such offending States from Georgia. He says Georgia has the right, as soon as Northern goods are brought into Georgia, to tax them as she deems proper. He advises the passage of a law taxing goods and merchandise twenty-five per centum introduced after the 1st of January, if manufactured in or brought from Massachusetts, Vermont, Michigan, Maine, Rhode Island, New York, Wisconsin, or other unfriendly States; and the tax to be remitted when the unfriendly legislation is repealed. Should such legislation prove ineffectual, he recommends the repeal of all parts of the penal and civil code protecting the lives, liberties, and properties of the citizens of the States where such unfriendly laws exist. He says: "In my opinion the time for bold and decided action has arrived, and he is unworthy the confidence of the people of Georgia who refuses to vindicate her honor at any cost, and maintain her constitutional rights at every hazard."

#### HE IS AGAINST DISUNION.

*He believes the legislation recommended will tend to strengthen rather than to weaken the ties of the Union of the States. It will destroy sectional controversy, and narrow down the issue to a contest between individual States.* He says if the Legislature fails to enact laws, he recommends that the people should rise in their might and at the ballot-box demand their enactment. The Governor entertains no doubt of the right of each State to decide to act for herself, so long as all the States abide in good faith by the constitutional obligations. *No State can withdraw from the Union without being guilty of bad faith to the others.* Any violation of the compact relieves all parties. The right of secession for cause was only denied by those who deny the sovereignty of the States.

The message fills twenty-two closely printed octavo pages. A full review of offensive Northern legislation concludes thus: For the purpose of putting the State in a defensive condition as fast as possible, and preparing for the emergency which must be met sooner or later, he recommends that the sum of a million of dollars be immediately appropriated as a military fund for the ensuing year, and prompt provision made for raising such portion of the money as may not be in the treasury, as fast as the public expenditures require. Millions for defense, not one cent for tribute, should be the future motto of the Southern States. To every demand for further concession or compromise of our rights we should reply: The argument is exhausted, and we now stand on our arms.

#### MOVEMENTS IN GEORGIA.

A dispatch dated Macon, Georgia, November 10, says:

"The Legislature of Georgia yesterday refused to fix a day for the election of a United States Senator to succeed Alfred Iverson, agreeing to postpone the ballot until the action of the State is determined.

"A bill, calling a Convention of the people, will pass in a few days.

"Senator Toombs, now at Milledgeville, has avowed his intention to resign, to take effect on the 4th of next March. His term does not expire till 1865.

"The Retaliatory Bill will come up in the House on its third reading next Tuesday. It provides a tax of twenty-five per cent. on all goods from States which have nullified the Fugitive Slave Law, and exempts foreign goods from taxation."

#### THE FEELING AT SAVANNAH.

A mass meeting was held at Savannah on 8th, and the following resolutions were passed unanimously:

"We, the citizens of the county of Chatham, ignoring all party names and issues, cordially unite in the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the election of Lincoln and Hamlin to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States ought not and will not be submitted to.

"*Resolved*, That we request the Legislature to announce this opinion by resolution at the earliest practicable moment, to communicate to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and co-operate with the Governor in calling a convention of the people to determine on the mode and measure of redress.

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully recommend the Legislature to take into immediate consideration the passage of such laws as will be likely to alleviate any unusual embarrassment of the commercial interests of the State consequent upon the present political emergency.

"*Resolved*, That we respectfully suggest to the Legislature to take immediate steps to organize and arm the forces of the State.

"*Resolved*, That copies of the foregoing resolutions be sent without delay to our Senators and Representatives in the general Assembly of the State, who are hereby requested to lay them before the houses of which they are respectively members."

#### THE CONVENTION IN ALABAMA.

The Governor has decided to have the Convention meet on the first Monday in January. The people desire it to be held sooner, but he does not feel authorized by the resolutions of the last Legislature to call the Convention until the electors have cast their votes for President in December.

On Wednesday he will publish a letter, stating the time on which he will issue his proclamation, and calling on the people to nominate candidates for the Convention.

#### MR. LINCOLN AT HOME.

The *Times* correspondent telegraphs: "Mr. Lincoln spent most of election-night in the Telegraph-office, where he heard returns and received private dispatches with a most marvelous equanimity. Those who saw him at the time say it would have been impossible for a by-stander to tell that that tall, lean, wiry, good-natured, easy-going gentleman, so anxiously inquiring about the success of the local candidates, was the choice of the people to fill the most important office in the nation. Even during election day and night, Mr. Lincoln was about town attending to his business as usual. Many of his Springfield acquaintances will long remember how he sat in a social circle at the Cheny House, while the returns were coming in, and indulged alike in pleasant chat and his propensity for story-telling.

"Mr. Lincoln was next evening captured by a number of his friends, who carried him to the Hall of the House of Representatives, where about three hundred citizens spontaneously collected and earnestly but vainly pressed him for a speech. They finally got him in the Speaker's chair, and speeches were made by Messrs. Swett and Orme, of Bloomington, Farmer, Joab, Wilkinson, and others.

"A dispatch was received by Mr. Lincoln, stating that Indiana had given twenty thousand Republican majority.

"Mr. Lincoln finally made the following speech—his first public address since his election:

"'The representation of Coles and Douglas Counties is elected on the Republican side. We expected it would be so—and so it is pretty generally these times.' [Applause and laughter.]

"Mr. Lincoln finally, in a jocular way, took advantage of his position as Chairman, to say that it was customary for the presiding officer to call some distinguished member to the Chair. He accordingly called Mr. Kent to take his place, and retired through a side door, in spite of vociferous calls for him to speak."

#### RUPTURE WITH PERU.

Dispatches were received at Washington on 3d inst., at the Department of State, from our Minister to Peru, Mr. Clay. The Peruvian Government refuses the ultimatum of our Government. Our Minister states that he had demanded his passports, and intended to leave at once for the United States. He says that he presented the ultimatum on the 2d of October, and on the 6th it was rejected; on the 9th he demanded his passports, which, on the 10th, at the hour of the departure of the *Lancaster* from Callao for Panama, had not been complied with. Castilla, it appears, had again renewed an old and absurd proposition to submit the matter to a third power, which is considered nothing more than an ingenious attempt for delay on the part of that Government. Mr. Clay having demanded his passports, obedient to instructions, it follows, of course, that diplomatic relations with Peru can not be continued through its Minister, Zegarra; he will therefore receive his passports at an early day. The facts in this case will be laid before Congress in the President's forthcoming message.

#### THE LAST MAN'S SOCIETY.

We read in the Cincinnati *Gazette:* "The sixth of the present month was the anniversary of the Last Man's Society.

"On Sunday, the 30th of September, 1832, seven young men were seated in the studio of J. R. Mason, talking, as young men are wont to do, of matters of desultory character.

"The cholera was at this time raging with fearful sway in the villages surrounding the city, but within the corporate precincts of Cincinnati the dreaded scourge had not yet made its appearance. The conversation of the seven finally turned upon the subject of cholera, and a discussion sprang up between two of them, who had just received the degree of M.D., whether or not the disease was contagious. During the argument which the young disciples of Esculapius advanced, one of the party, in speaking of the fatality of the disease, said, 'We can not tell how long any of us will be here—to-morrow we may possibly be gone.'

"This remark was the foundation on which this superstructure of the Last Man's Society was reared.

"Having agreed that the society should have an existence, the time of meeting was next considered, and it was unanimously determined that the first anniversary should be held the following Saturday night, October 6, 1832, and the meeting should be held on the same day of the month annually from that time forward.

"A casket was made, and in it was inclosed a bottle of wine, and when the last man should at the anniversary supper seat himself at the table, that bottle was to be opened and the contents drank *in memorium* of the six deceased members. The casket was an obelisk about ten inches in height, and stood on a base of seven inches square. In the base was a small drawer, in which were placed slips of oil-paper, containing the names, ages, places of birth, residence, and occupation of the members, in their own handwriting. The obelisk was neatly finished at the summit and crowned by a small globe, the entire casket being constructed of solid mahogany. It was the duty of the members to notify any of their absent members of the time and place of meeting, and it was that member's duty in return to be present, if in his power.

"The casket was to pass in succession to each of the seven, and was to be retained one year, its delivery taking place at the anniversary. Lots were drawn to determine who should be its custodian the first year, and so on through the whole seven, after which it passed regularly from one to another.

"At the supper seven plates were provided, and if any were absent the plate remained unturned, and the chair remained vacant at the table. Never but once did all of them meet together, and that was on the occasion of their first anniversary. One, two, three, four, five years in quick succession flew by, and still the circle was unbroken; but ere the seventh cycle waned death entered their midst and marked his victim. The seventh anniversary, and there was one empty place, never to be filled on earth again.

"The supper was given by the member who received the casket: it was his to choose what it would be; and if he set before his fellow-members but a cup of water and a crust of bread, it was their duty to partake heartily of his cheer.

"Twenty-one years subsequently to the organization of the society, and the last man met to perform the solemn duty which was sacredly promised the 30th of September, 1832. The task—for such it must have been—fell to Dr. John L. Vattier, who still lives, the only surviving member of The Last Man's Society. His feelings at a table, with the six unturned plates and the six vacant chairs, can better be imagined than described."

#### ELOPEMENT AND REPENTANCE.

The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg *Express* writes: "Quite an excitement has been created in the town of Manchester, just across the river, in consequence of the elopement of one of the prettiest young girls of that town, with a man who had succeeded in gaining a place in her affections. They came over to Richmond last Friday night during the heavy rain, and secured apartments at one of our prominent hotels. The departure of the pair becoming known in Manchester, a party of young men came over in pursuit, and found the young lady, but could not find the wretch who had so grossly betrayed her. If they had, he would have received one hundred lashes and a coat of tar and feathers. The scoundrel had left the girl bright and early the next morning, and made good his escape. The young lady, who is just sixteen years of age, and of rare personal beauty, was conducted to the residence of her aunt. The villain who has so grossly betrayed her is from the Yankee States, and many years older than the young girl whom he had promised to marry."

#### CARRIED OFF BY PRIESTS.

The Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald* tells the following singular story about a girl fifteen years of age, who called upon the editor, in company with Mr. A. A. Moon, a respectable citizen of Avon, Lorain County:

"The girl (says the *Herald*) states that when about seven years of age she lived in Cleveland, with her mother, a brother older than herself, and a baby. She can not remember her father. She went to school daily, at a frame school-house, on a street which had shade-trees and brick sidewalks. There was a well at one corner of the street, and on the opposite corner a grocery. On her way to the school-house she was in the habit of seeing a round building, roofed with tin, she thinks, as it glittered in the sunlight.

"One day a Roman Catholic priest, wearing a large hat, told her that her mother was dead, and that he would provide for her. She thinks that there were some other girls with him at the time. The priest took her to an Irish family, and from them she was removed to a Roman Catholic German family in Sheffield township, Lorain County, where she has lived for the past eight years. At the time she was taken by the priest she had with her a school-book, between the leaves of which was a letter addressed to a person named Kolker. That name has been adopted by her in the supposition of it being her family name. She is now known as Mary Kolker.

"As the girl grew up, the family with whom she lived wished her to be baptized into the Roman Catholic Church, but she refused.

"Every effort has since been made to overcome her objections, but she stoutly resisted, claiming that she had always gone to a 'Yankee school,' and her family always went to 'Yankee meetings.' She has been spoken of always as a German, but when a child she did not know a word of German, although she spoke English well enough, and she scarcely appears of German blood.

"About two weeks since Mr. Moon took her into service from the house of the German family, and this morning brought her to the city to see if she could remember any of the localities. She thought she could identify portions of the lower part of Prospect Street, but was frequently bewildered in her recollections of the place. She is an intelligent-looking girl. Can any one throw any light on the girl's family or her alleged abduction?

"Since her persistent refusal to become a Roman Catholic, the letter found in her school-book has disappeared without her knowledge."

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## FOREIGN NEWS.

### ENGLAND.

#### A MARRIAGE IN VERY HIGH LIFE.

The recent marriage of the Lady Emma Charlotte Smith Stanley, only daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, K.G., and the Hon. Wellington Patrick M. Chetwynd Talbot, Colonel of the 1st Staffordshire Militia, Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Lords, second son of the late Right Hon. Earl Talbot, and brother to the Earl of Shrewsbury, furnishes to the English papers an opportunity for columns of the most artistically personal details. The Earl of Derby, on account of whose illness the wedding was once postponed, was unable to appear, and the brother of the bride, Lord Stanley, gave her away. The desire of people generally to view the ceremony was very great, showing itself in most pressing applications for tickets to the church; but the applications were fruitless, the principal parties desiring a comparatively private marriage; consequently, in the sounding phrase of the reporter, "the holy ceremony which united two scions of the illustrious houses of Stanley and Talbot was unattended by any extraordinary demonstration." On the important morning it rained; but shortly after 9 o'clock "the watery element ceased to descend, the sun poured forth its genial rays, and the sky cleared up wondrously." Over the pathway leading to the church an arched passage-way had been arranged, and upon a crimson carpet the party walked to the altar. A number of school-girls, neatly clad, strewed with flowers the ground before the bride. "The gallant bridegroom, who is a tall, handsome man, was attired in a plain black frock-coat, white waistcoat, light trowsers, and white kid gloves." It is pleasant to know that the Lady Emily, "though somewhat pale and tremulous, looked charmingly," and that "the responses of the gallant groom were distinctly audible, as were also (though in a more subdued tone) those of the fair bride." The dress of the fair bride consisted of white glacé trimmed with Brussels lace. A wreath of orange flowers encircled her head, over which was a vail of Brussels lace, the jewels worn being amethysts and diamonds. The bridemaids were attired in dresses of white tarlatan trimmed with Magenta colored crape, and opera cloaks trimmed with Magenta colored ribbon. They also wore white bonnets trimmed with Magenta colored ribbon. Among the presents displayed on the occasion, more than one hundred and fifty in all, were the following: A magnificent tiara of diamonds, and a bracelet of diamonds and emeralds, given by the Earl of Derby; a necklace, brooch, and bracelet, each composed of diamonds, pearls, and rubies, presented by the Countess of Derby; a dressing-case, with gold fittings, from Lord Stanley; an Indian scarf, brocaded with silver, given by the Duchess of Cambridge; a gold clock, from His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar; and a great many more, hardly less rich, from Highnesses, Countesses, Duchesses, Marchionesses, Ladies, Misses, Dukes, Earls, Marquises, Colonels, Gentlemen. It is understood that "the gardeners employed on the estate, and the upper servants at Knowsley Hall, also requested the noble bride to accept presents."

#### SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

Quite a controversy is raging in some of the London papers with regard to the merits of Home and spiritualism. A gentleman, who appends his name to the communication as a pledge of the truth of his statements, sends to the London *Star* an extraordinary account of the performances of Home. He says: "I distinctly saw the accordeon moving, and heard it playing when held only at one end, again and again. I held it myself for a short time, and had good reason to know that it was vehemently pulled at the other end, and not by Mr. Home's toes, as has been wisely surmised, unless that gentleman has legs three yards long, with toes at the end of them quite as marvelous as any legion of spirits. For, be it stated, that such music as we heard was no ordinary strain; it was grand at times, at others pathetic, at others distant and long-drawn, to a degree which no one can imagine who has not heard it. I have heard Blagrove repeatedly, but it is no libel on that master of the instrument to say that he never did produce such exquisite distant and echo notes as those which delighted our ears. The instrument played, too, at distant parts of the room many yards away from Mr. Home, and from all of us. I believe I am stating a fact when I say that not one person in that room could play the accordeon at all. Mr. Home can not play a note upon it."

### FRANCE.

#### INCREASE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that French regiments are to consist of four battalions, as when the army was preparing for war in Italy last year, and that otherwise preparations are going on on a very large scale, as if a war was certain next spring. It is confirmed that at the council of Marshals, held the other day at St. Cloud, it was determined to create a fourth battalion in every regiment of the French army, to be called the battalion of reserve. Kossuth and Klapka have had interviews with the Emperor Napoleon.

#### SUPPRESSION OF A PRIESTLY ORGAN.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree suppressing the *Gazette of Lyons*. The Ministerial report proposing the suppression, says:

"Under existing circumstances the Government found it convenient to allow great liberty to the journals; but toleration would be weakness if discussion were allowed to degenerate to injurious hostility and guilty provocation. For several days the portion of the press which pretends to represent the sacred cause of religion, has redoubled its violence. An act of firmness becomes necessary. Conscience is troubled—authority and faith are lessened by the confusion that party spirit engenders between passion and religious duty. Religion would be compromised if her most respected principles were lowered to complicity with that revenge or ambition which the country has so often repudiated. The *Gazette of Lyons* has signalized itself before all others by its incessant appeals for agitation by the perfidy of its attacks against the Government, and by the disdain it has opposed to the good advice of the Administration. Its number of the 17th inst., more especially, reached an excess that can not be tolerated."

#### A POISON RING.

The following story is going the rounds of the French papers: "A gentleman who had, two days ago, purchased some objects of art at a shop in the Rue St. Honoré, was engaged in examining an ancient ring, when he gave himself a slight scratch in the hand with a sharp part of it. He continued talking with the dealer for a short time, when he suddenly felt an indescribable sensation over his whole body, which appeared to paralyze all his faculties, and he soon became so seriously ill that it was considered necessary to send for a medical man. The doctor immediately discovered every symptom of poison by some mineral substance. He applied strong antidotes, and in a short time the gentleman was in a manner recovered. The ring in question having been examined by the medical man, who had long resided in Venice, was found to be what was formerly called 'a death ring,' in use in Italy when acts of poisoning were frequent about the seventeenth century. Attached to it inside were two claws of a lion, made of the sharpest steel, and having clefts in them filled with a violent poison. In a crowded assembly, or in a hall, the wearer of this fatal ring wishing to exercise revenge on any person, would take their hand, and when pressing it the sharp claw would be sure to inflict a slight scratch on the skin. This was enough, for on the following morning the victim would be sure to be found dead. Notwithstanding the many years since which the poison on this ring had been placed there, it retained its strength sufficiently to cause great inconvenience to the gentleman, as stated."

### ITALY.

#### THE VOTE ON ANNEXATION.

We have some few details of the voting on the annexation question. In the City of Naples 154,000 votes were cast for annexation. At Palermo there were 36,232 votes in favor of annexation to 20 against.

#### RUPTURE BETWEEN RUSSIA AND SARDINIA.

A letter dated Turin, Oct. 21, thus describes the recall of the Russian Minister: "Prince Leon de Gagarin, charged with the Russian Legation in our capital, yesterday presented a note to M. Cavour, in which he officially signifies the recall of the whole Legation. This recall is notified on the ground that the Government of Victor Emanuel has never taken any notice of the communications, and verbal representations which the Court of St. Petersburg thought fit to make to Piedmont respecting every thing connected with recent events, and especially as regards the entrance of Piedmontese troops into the Kingdom of Naples. M. Cavour, on receiving this communication, immediately telegraphed to the Marquis Sauti, the Sardinian Minister at St. Petersburg, to demand his passports. Prince de Gagarin leaves to-morrow for Paris."

#### PLATFORM OF THE KING OF ITALY.

One of the members of the Neapolitan deputation who went to present an address to the King of Sardinia gives the following as the language used by his Majesty on the occasion:

"I am not actuated by motives of personal ambition, but we must constitute an Italy. It matters little to me whether I am King of 4,000,000 or 24,000,000 of people; but it is of great importance that a people belonging to the same race, and speaking the same language, should have the same country, and that that country should be independent. If we only wish it, we can be a great people. Austria continues to threaten me. Not long since I received a note from her through the Emperor of the French which was full of passion. I care little for it. Austria let slip the favorable moment for attacking me. She is preparing for next spring; but then, with your assistance, I shall have 400,000 men in arms, and Italians, thank God! still know how to fight. The Pope himself now writes to me with kindness. The Powers of Europe are displeased; they are pouting, but none of them except Austria threatens. We are acting like persons in our own homes. Europe will at last recognize that we have justice and right on our side. I am satisfied with Garibaldi; he may be a little capricious, but Italy has no nobler son. I have several times offered to give him artillery, but he refused the offer. He thinks he can take Capua by a bayonet charge. Tell your compatriots, gentlemen, that I shall not cease to be for all Italy what I have been for my little Piedmont. I shall perform my duty as king and soldier; let us all do our duty as Italians. Bear in mind that we do not yet possess the key of our house; but from this day forward we can say that Italy exists. Let us hope and persevere."

#### GARIBALDI'S BRITISH LEGION.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* says that on the 19th the British Legion were under fire for the first time. The Royalists came out in strong force, and the English were opposed to them, and drove them before them within the walls of Capua. Eight of the Legion were killed, and thirty wounded.

The *Journal des Débats* says: "The British Legion is immediately attached to Garibaldi. Garibaldi reviewed the men. In the name of Italy he thanked England, in the person of her volunteers, for the great sacrifices she made in men, arms, and money, to uphold the cause of national independence; and concluded by saying it was the proudest moment of his life that he had under his command, and for his support, a legion of the free children of England."

#### PETER-PENCE.

The Nuncio at Madrid is stated, within the last few days, to have remitted to the Pope 20,000,000 reals (5,000,000 francs), which has been raised by the Bishops.

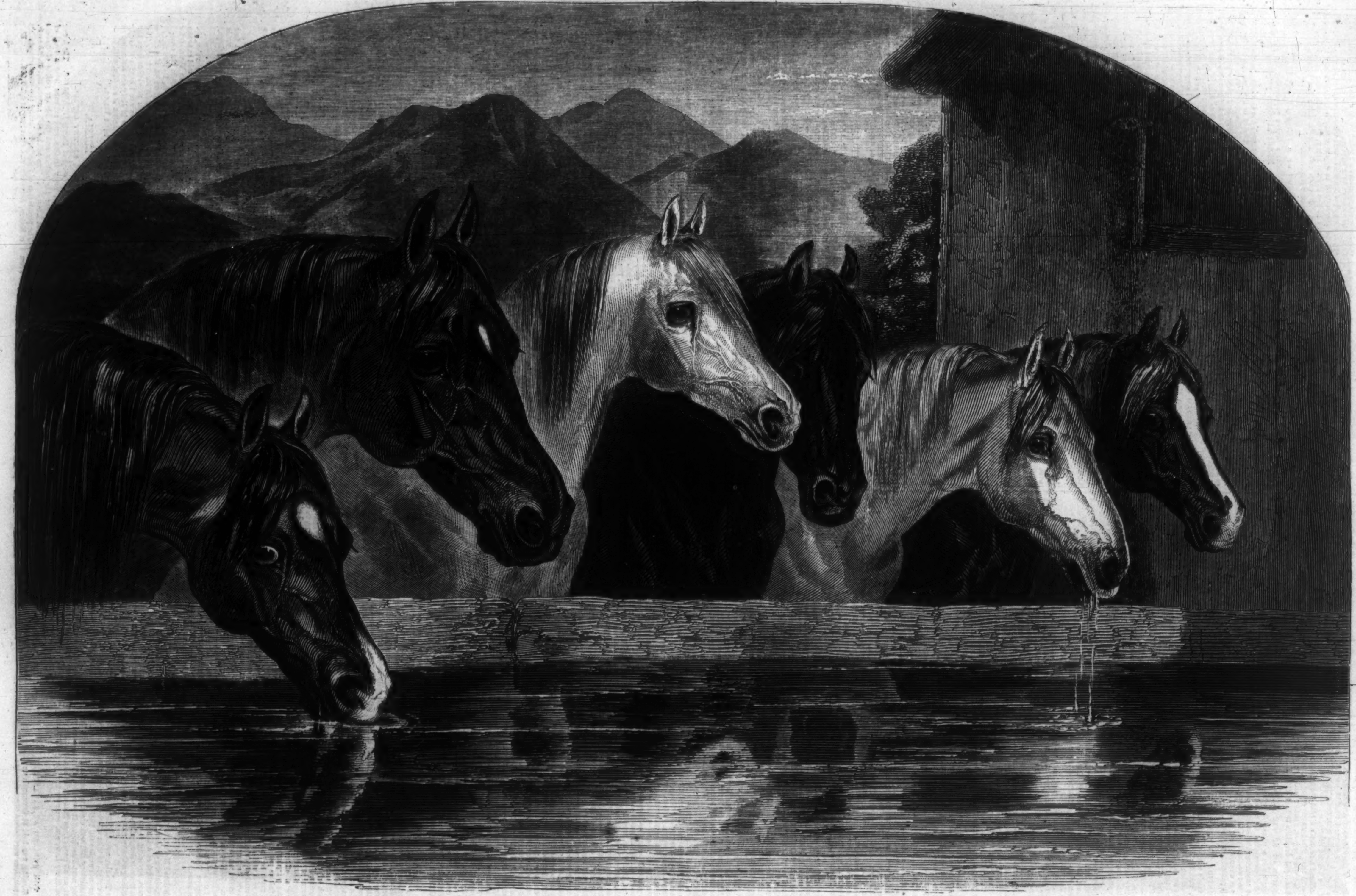
#### AUSTRIAN PREPARATION FOR WAR.

According to a correspondent, "A French traveler, arrived from Verona, confirms all that has been said as to the great preparations for war made by Austria, in Venetia, for some time past. Verona alone contains within the citadel and the intrenched camp which protects it, 100,000 men." He adds, that "it would be difficult to form an idea of the immense works which have been raised for its defense. The citadel can always be supplied with provisions from the mountains. Mantua and Peschiera are likewise strongly garrisoned. The Austrian forces in Italy are estimated at 150,000 men. The Plain of Mantua is studded with fortifications, and Peschiera is a little Verona."

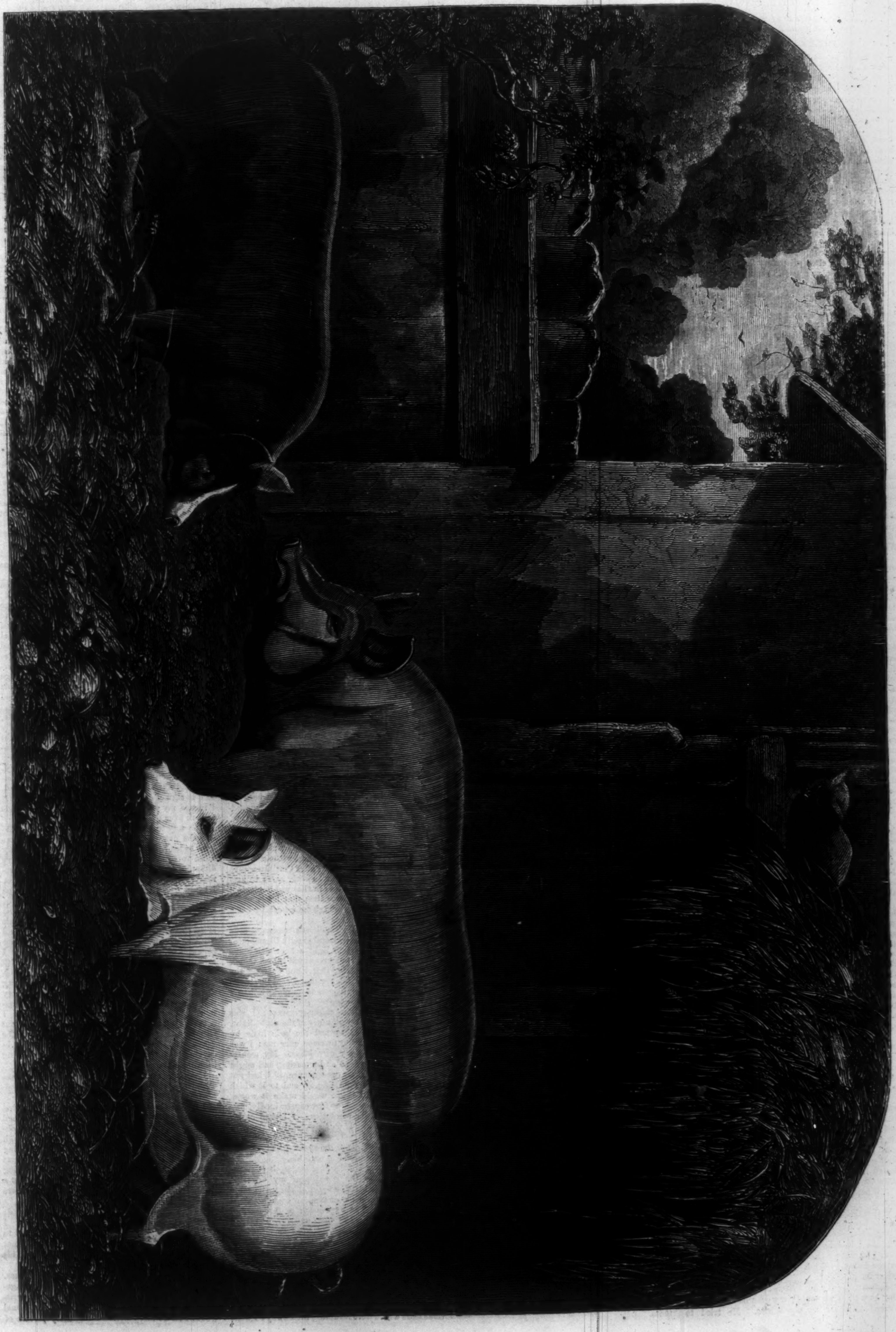
### RUSSIA.

#### THE RECENT CENSUS.

The total population of Russia is 79,000,000. The lower orders, serfs, petty traders, and artisans form a total of 53,500,000; the nobles and the higher guilds of traders about 1,000,000. The nobles still possess 21,000,000 serfs. The population of Siberia, including the wandering tribes of Kasan, Astrakan, and Orenburg is 4,000,000.


ETHAN ALLEN.
PATCHEN.
TOM WONDER.
TORONTO CHIEF.
MESSENGER.
PLOWBOY.

THE AMERICAN TURF—PORTRAITS OF FAVORITE HORSES.—Drawn by T. C. Carpendale.—[See Page 735.]



SUFFOLK AND ESSEX PIGS.—Drawn from Life by T. C. Carpendale, Esq.—[See Page 735.]

# UNDER THE SNOW.

## IN TWO PORTIONS.

### PORTION THE SECOND.

*December* 14.—We escaped with the fright; the wolves either did not suspect our presence, or were hard pressed to obtain some easier prey. At one time we thought they were burrowing through the snow, to storm our citadel in a body; but it is not certain whether they might not be tearing to pieces some animal which they had hunted down on the spot. But when the surface of the snow is frozen hard, as it is now, it allows the wolves to travel over it rapidly. They do not, consequently, remain on the heights, where little is to be had, but they scour down the mountain and invade the plain, to seize whatever falls in their way in the outskirts of the villages. They departed as abruptly as they had arrived.

Now that the door and the window are again barricaded by a deep accumulation of snow, it is clear that the trap of the chimney is our weakest point. For the present I dare not venture out to breathe the air; which is sad. I have no choice but to remain a close prisoner. To guard against a second attack, and at the same time to be able to light a fire without being suffocated by smoke, I have fitted an iron tube, which I found in the stable, into a circular aperture which I have cut in the trap. It is safe and convenient, but it cuts us off more than ever from the outer world.

Hitherto my grandfather would touch neither coffee nor wine, reserving them for time of need. But our last anxieties have made him so unwell that he has consented to try whether they will not restore his appetite and his strength. He wishes me to take my share; but I am young, and can do very well without them. A long-continued milk diet, like that to which we are now confined, is apt to disagree with persons of his age.

*December* 17.—"Time passes," my grandfather said to-day; "winter is approaching."

"Approaching!" I answered. "Is not winter come?"

"Not yet, according to the almanac. Winter does not begin till the twenty-first; it is still autumn; but who would believe that we are in the season of fruits?"

My grandfather has eaten scarcely any thing to-day. I persuaded him to taste a little bread soaked in wine. It is evident that he makes an effort to appear more cheerful than he really feels. What should I do were he to fall seriously ill?

*December* 22.—It is long since we have heard any noise outside; our seclusion is more and more complete. We conclude that a large quantity of fresh snow has fallen, and that the châlet is probably completely buried under the mass. Nevertheless, the iron tube still rises above it; the smoke escapes freely. To-day a few flakes of snow have fallen down through this narrow channel.

These white messengers of winter are the only things which keep up a communication between ourselves and the world. If our clock were to stop, we should lose all cognizance of time. Our only means of distinguishing night from day would be the speck of light which we can see in the morning at the top of the iron tube. On the other hand, we suffer very little from cold in our silent cave. When we have lighted the lamp, and are busy about our daily tasks before a bright fire, we partly forget our unfortunate condition. At such moments there are even certain of our acquaintances who would envy us. Who has not often wished to be Robinson Crusoe, in his desert island? And yet he had less cause for hope than we have. It was a mere chance that some stray vessel might touch at his island, while we are certain that the snow will melt, sooner or later.

*December 25, Christmas Day.*—We devoted the day to meditation and prayer. We must be suffering under misfortunes to appreciate properly what the Saviour has done for men. Before His advent how bitter adversity must have been! How easily it must have led to complainings and despair! The reflection is not mine, but my grandfather's.

If I am spared to descend from the mountain, I shall be able to say to my friends, "If you had known, as I have, how needful society is to every individual, you would feel toward one another no other sentiments than those of love and charity. Let us banish into temporary solitude all those who will not understand these things, and who stir up among us troubles and war. They will soon understand their folly; they will learn from experience that it is not good for man to be alone; they will love as they love themselves that neighbor without whom life would no longer be a blessing, but a chastisement of Providence."

*December* 28.—Yesterday, my grandfather had no appetite; but he did not complain of pain. In the evening, after supper, as he was sitting by the corner of the fire, he suddenly turned pale, tottered, and sank down. Without my assistance he would have fallen into the fire.

I took him in my arms, and, with an effort of which I did not believe myself capable, I transported him to his bed, where I first seated him, and then laid him at full length. His head and his hands were cold; the blood had rushed toward the heart. I took care not to raise the patient's head, but left it low, and the blood soon flowed back to it. Consciousness returned at the same time.

"Where am I? On the bed?" said my grandfather.

"Certainly; you turned faint, and I thought it best to lay you there."

"He brought me here! Heaven be praised for it! As I become weaker, he grows stronger," he said. I knelt by the bedside for a while. At last he consented to drink a little wine, and felt the better for it.

*January* 1.—We have been keeping New-Year's Day as well as we could; my grandfather exerted himself to cheer up my spirits. He tried to amuse me with conundrums and riddles. We feasted at supper on potatoes cooked in the ashes, toasted cheese, and toasted bread sopped in wine. The goat was not forgotten; I picked out the sweetest hay for her provender; she had a clean bed, a double ration of salt, and a triple allowance of caresses.

My grandfather wishes to add a few words in his own handwriting:

"In the name of God, Amen!

"It is possible that I may be taken from my friends before I can acquaint them with my last wishes. I have no general directions to give respecting the disposal of my property; that duty has been performed long ago; but I wish to acknowledge the care and devotion of my dear grandson, Louis Lopraz, here present. And as it is impossible for me to make him the slightest New-Year's offering to-day, I beg my heirs to supply the omission by giving him, on my part, my repeater watch; my carabine; my Bible, which belonged to my father; and lastly, my steel seal, on which are engraved my initials, which are the same as those of my godson and grandson.

"I am convinced that he will value these slight tokens for the sake of the affectionate friendship which unites us, and which death itself will not cause to cease.

"Such is my will.

"Signed at the Châlet of Anzindes, the 1st of January.

"LOUIS LOPRAZ."

*January* 5.—My grandfather spoke to me this morning about the state of his health, without disguising any thing. Every word he said is still ringing in my ears.

"My dear boy," he said, after making me sit down by his side, "I can no longer conceal from myself that the close of my life is not far distant. Whether we shall be able to keep united my soul and the portion of dust which is called my body until I can witness your deliverance, is more than I can tell; but I scarcely dare to hope it. My weakness increases with a rapidity which astonishes me; and it is to be presumed that I shall leave you to finish our sad winter quarters alone.

"You will be, I doubt not, more grieved at our separation than alarmed at your loneliness; you will feel more sorrow than fear. But I have sufficient confidence in your pious feelings and your strength of mind to be persuaded that you will not fall into a culpable degree of depression; you will think of your father, whom you will assuredly see again, and that will keep up your courage. A little reflection will convince you that, after my death, you will be exposed to no greater danger in the châlet than you were before. On the contrary, I have rather been a burden to you. You will no longer have famine staring you in the face. I strongly advise you to wait patiently. Do not expose yourself too soon. A few days more or less are not worth reckoning in so long a captivity; and you may risk all by forestalling the favorable moment.

"My dear Louis, I am only uneasy on one account, if I must tell you so: I fear the effect of my death upon your imagination. When you behold this body deprived of life, it will strike you with a feeling of terror, perhaps of horror and disgust, which is very unreasonable, but which many people can not overcome.

"And why should you be afraid of the remains of your aged friend? Are you afraid of me when I am asleep? The other day, when I fainted, you did not believe me capable of harming you; you saw nothing but the necessity of assisting me, and you did your duty like a courageous man. Well, then, if you should see me fall into that final swoon which is called death, behave with equal presence of mind. My body will require from you only one last service: dare to render it, when nature has warned you that the moment is come. Your strength will be quite sufficient; you gave proof of it the other evening, when you carried me and laid me upon this bed.

"You see that door; it leads to the dairy, where we never go now, because it is useless to us. You will there dig a grave as deep as you can make it, to receive my body, until you return to fetch it in the spring, and give it a regular funeral in the village cemetery.

"After those sad moments you will find this dwelling very lonely; you will shed many tears; you will perhaps call me, and I shall not answer. Do not waste your strength in useless regrets. Address your thoughts solely to Him who never fails to answer when we invoke him with confidence."

Such were the exhortations which I received from my grandfather this morning; and, as if he felt relieved by having given them, he has since been more tranquil, more serene, and almost joyous. For my own part, I can not believe that so clear and strong a mind can be dwelling in a body which is so near dissolution. The danger has been set before my eyes, but it still seems far distant. May God confirm my favorable anticipations!

*January* 7.—Darkness has a more depressing effect on sick persons than it has on people in health, although it is said to be injurious even to the robustest health. Light was made for man, and man for the light. We have contrived this morning a mode of economizing our oil, without remaining completely in the dark. We have made a night-light with a thin slice of cork, through which we have thrust a very small wick. This feeble light suffices for my work, and it cheers my grandfather a little. We will make use of this for the future, and only rarely light the large lamp; for, upon trial, I find that I can manage to write with this.

*January* 10.—It was the will of God! . . . I am left alone with Him, far away from all the rest of the world. It happened the day before yesterday. It is impossible to go on and write the full account of his death. The paper is soaking wet with my tears.

*January* 12.—Yes, this is really the twelfth of January; two days have elapsed since I wrote the preceding lines. . . . My reason is returning; it shall get the upper hand, if it please God. Unless I felt that the Lord was with me and around me, I too should die, and that of fright alone.

*January* 13 *and* 14.—On the seventh I went to bed full of hope; my grandfather appeared to be better than usual; but before I had fallen asleep I heard him groan, and I jumped up instantly. Without waiting for him to ask me to go and help him, I dressed myself, lighted the lamp, which stood ready, and asked him how he felt.

"I feel faint," he said. "It will be like the other day; or perhaps—" He checked himself.

"Dear grandfather, will you take a spoonful of wine?"

"No, my child; only moisten my temples and rub my hands with vinegar—and—get the Bible. Read me that passage, you know which, where I have placed a slip of paper."

I obeyed. When I had finished it, he interrupted me, made me come near him, took my hands in his, and uttered a long prayer. He pronounced the words slowly, in a feeble voice, and at considerable intervals. He then made me recite some portions of Scripture which I knew by heart; at times he called to mind passages of the Bible and words of the Saviour, which he repeated with a fervor and resignation that melted me to tears.

I will add one trifling circumstance, which, however, affected me greatly. Blanchette, surprised, perhaps, at seeing a light shining at an unusual hour, set up a continual bleating.

"Poor Blanchette!" said the dying man; "I must caress her just once more. Let her loose, my boy, and lead her to my bedside."

I did as he desired; and Blanchette, in her familiar way, put her two fore-feet on the edge of the bedstead, begging for some little tid-bit to be given to her. We had accustomed her to take from the hand, in this way, a grain or two of salt. I thought I should be doing what was agreeable to my patient if I laid a little salt in his hand. Blanchette took it instantly, and licked his hand afterward.

"Always be a good nurse! Give plenty of milk!" he said, passing his arm round her neck with an effort. He then turned aside his head. I led Blanchette away, and fastened her to the manger.

After that he uttered scarcely any connected words; only he made me understand that he wished me to remain close to him, with my hand in his. I felt a slight pressure at intervals; and, as his eyes spoke to me at the same time, I comprehended that he was collecting his last strength to express his affection, and that I should be uppermost in his thoughts until life should cease.

I said a few affectionate words; at which his looks brightened up, and I saw that it would be a pleasure to him if I continued. I therefore leaned down toward him, and said, with as firm a voice as I could command,

"Adieu! adieu! Farewell, till we meet in heaven! I am resolved to obey your injunctions faithfully. . . I believe in God the Father; I believe in the compassion and the merits of the Saviour. Do not be anxious on my account. You have prepared me so well that I now stand in need only of God's assistance."

Here my poor grandfather squeezed my hand more forcibly, and making an unavailing effort to answer me, he could only express his joy by a long-drawn sigh.

"I will take care to remember," I continued, "all the advice you gave for the preservation of my life. For the love of you, I will neglect nothing that can prolong my existence and help me to escape from the châlet. Farewell, dear grandfather! Farewell! farewell!"

I felt one more feeble pressure of the hand: it was the last; for his hand, which had gradually grown colder, let mine drop. He expired without effort, without convulsion, and without a sigh.

My most terrible moments, after that time, were not the first. It was when I slowly came to myself, and found myself alone in that sad habitation with—a dead body; it was then that I felt an involuntary shudder run through me, especially when night came.

In the morning I had sufficient command over myself to wind up the clock and to milk Blanchette; the cold compelled me to light a fire: that gave me occupation: but I afterward fell into a stupor of grief. Unfortunately, that same evening the wind rose with such violence that I could hear the wailing of its mournful gusts more plainly than I had done for some time past.

I was sitting in the chimney-corner; I was watching by the feeble glimmer of the night-light, with my back turned toward the bed: little by little, I felt a shivering fit come over me: I was no longer master of my own ideas. My mental trouble would have gone on increasing, and might have become of serious consequence, if I had not thought of a mode of putting an end to it which many people might think would make it worse. I went up to the corpse, at first constrainedly, afterward with greater resolution. I looked at it: I dared to touch it. It was a painful effort; nevertheless I persisted. I repeated the action several times, and I felt that the shock I had suffered became by degrees more supportable.

From that time I did not cease, at short intervals, to return to the remains of my departed friend. I fulfilled with respect to them the same offices which persons accustomed to such things perform coolly. The expression of the countenance was so calm and pleasant that it caused me to shed tears. "No," I sobbed aloud, "I am not afraid."

Nevertheless my anguish returned when I felt that sleep was stealing over me; at my age it is impossible to resist it. Was I to go and lie down by the side of the body? My resolution did not carry me so far as that; and I sought, I must confess, a very wretched protection from the superstitious fears which were resuming their sway: I went and took refuge by the side of Blanchette. The warmth and the vital motion which I found in this poor animal, the slight noise she made while chewing the cud, reassured me in some slight degree.

At last I fell into a sound sleep.

The next day, as soon as I woke, I recommenced the struggle of yesterday; I employed myself as much as possible about the goat and my other work, and, above all, I frequently went near to the body. I even held that dear and venerable head for a considerable time in my hands. The more my fear diminished, the more I felt my grief increase; and I was pleased with myself on observing so reasonable and so natural a change. My thoughts then became directed to the preparations for the burial, and I recalled to mind what my grandfather had said. I believe that it was with a secret intention that he had sometimes spoken of the dangers of precipitate interments; I resolved, therefore, to wait until nature should compel me to accomplish this last duty. The lively affection which I retained for my grandfather kept me from yielding to the cowardly wish to get rid of a painful spectacle at the very earliest moment possible.

But I took my tools and opened the dairy door.

"What a Jack-of-all-trades!" I said to myself. "First, nurse and doctor, and now grave-digger! What other bereaved relatives are spared the sight of I am obliged to execute with my own hands!"

The first few strokes revolted me, and I was obliged to stop short. It was not that my arms refused to work, but my mind was troubled, and deprived me of the requisite energy. Every time I struck the ground a loud echo resounded from the roof, which was vaulted with bricks, like that of a cellar. I was obliged to accustom myself to the sound, and it took me the whole day to do an amount of work which ought not to have occupied more than a couple of hours. In fact, the ground is sandy and light, and at last I was able to throw it out with the shovel without being obliged to break it up previously. I took advantage of the circumstance to dig a deep grave; for—I said to myself—if the châlet has to be left empty for any length of time (whether I escape from it, or whether it is my turn to die next), I ought to use my utmost endeavors to preserve the body from ravenous beasts. I therefore went on with my melancholy task, until I was standing in a grave as deep as I was high. The clock struck ten. Night was come, and all its black thoughts with it. But the violent exercise which I had taken soon enabled me to fall asleep. It was only deferred a few minutes by Blanchette's caresses; she seems very glad to have me with her, and never refuses to serve as my pillow.

On the 11th of January, my first thought on waking was to make an end of my painful task; when I had lighted the lamp I felt my courage oozing away. I was obliged to have recourse to a new remedy with which I ought to have been able to dispense. Instead of breakfasting as usual on boiled milk and potatoes, I took a little bread and wine. This regimen restored a certain degree of firmness which I can not ascribe to my own personal character, but of which I took advantage without delay. I had well considered the means of execution, and every thing had been prepared the day before.

Oh, my dear grandfather, when you taught me, in front of your house, to transport a heavy body by the employment of rollers, we little thought that I should apply your lessons on so sad an occasion as this. The remembrance of what you then told me was completely refreshed in my memory. I could hear the sound of your voice, in imagination; and when the funereal burden nodded its head, as if in sign of approbation, I was so overcome that I turned my eyes away, like a person who dreads to look over the brink of a precipice.

The way was smoothed: the body was soon beside the grave. The most easy way would have been to let it fall in; but I could not make up my mind to treat it with so little reverence. Every difficulty being vanquished at last, what then remained to be done gave me but little uneasiness. I could freely give way to my grief. Seated on the mound which I had raised with my own hands, I wept abundantly by the side of that open grave. I could not resolve to throw in the first shovelfuls of earth without performing some sort of funeral service. I knelt, and searched my memory for passages of Scripture suitable to the occasion. I took the Bible, being sufficiently acquainted with it to find fitting portions, and such as my grandfather would have pointed out. While reading aloud, it appeared to me as if I had quitted my solitude. The holy volume responded to my emotion. At last I stopped, through exhaustion; I collected my thoughts, and no longer deferred what remained to be done. In a short space of time the grave was filled. I spent the rest of the day in carving with the point of my knife the following inscription on a small tablet of maple-wood:

> "Here rests the body of Louis Lopraz, who died in the night of the 7th-8th of January, in the arms of his grandson Louis Lopraz, who buried him with his own hands."

I nailed the tablet to a stake, which I planted on the mound over the grave; after which I closed the door and returned to the kitchen, where Blanchette is my only company. Nevertheless, although I feel more at ease now the body is no longer lying on the bed, I find that some remains of weakness still linger in my mind. I combat them by paying frequent visits to the grave, and always without a light. I have resolved to say my prayers there night and morning.

*January* 15.—Yes, my position is greatly changed; I become more and more aware of it every day. I had a friend and a companion, and yet I dared to complain! God is punishing me for my former discontent. I am left alone—all alone! This thought pursues me the whole day long.

*January* 16.—I can not shake off my weakness. I left my bed in a state of languor and discouragement, which continues. I write merely for writing's sake. If I told the whole truth, this journal would now be filled with a melancholy picture of despair. I have hardly the energy to guide my pen. My first distress when we were made prisoners here, my fright when the wolves threatened to devour us, and the sad scenes of my grandfather's death and burial, were as nothing compared with the prostration of strength into which I have fallen. I had no conception of this kind of suffering. Even prayer does not help me out of it.

*January* 24.—Providence, to drag me out of the weariness of ennui, has sent a new source of disquietude. The goat yields a smaller quantity of milk. I thought I observed it several days ago; at present, I can not doubt the fact.

*January* 25.—My grandfather certainly foresaw the possibility of my being detained here all by myself, and gave me several hints how I should act under such circumstances. One day he said, "What should we do if Blanchette were to go dry? It would be absolutely necessary to pluck up our resolution to kill her, and live on her flesh as long as we could." He followed this up with explanations how we should have to manage to preserve her flesh. Am I to be reduced to this cruel extremity?

*January* 26.—If matters do not grow worse I may set my mind at ease. Blanchette still gives enough milk for my sustenance. I have several cheeses in store. I have examined the remainder of my stock, and have spent the day in calculating how long it would last, if I had nothing else. It would not carry me through a fortnight.

*January* 27.—The yield of milk decreases, and the goat fattens in proportion. Consequently, in case of her milk failing, the poor creature is preparing to sustain my life with her own substance! I am now haunted by one horrid idea: shall I be driven to the necessity of turning butcher? Shall I be obliged, in order to prolong my own existence, to cut the throat of the animal which has fed me up to the present? I have now only a half-ration of milk.

*February* 7.—I have tried every expedient. Once I got a little more milk by giving her a triple allowance of salt, which made her drink more. But it was impossible to go on so; because I shall require all my salt, if— Poor Blanchette! I have heard that hens too fat and well fed do not lay so abundantly as lean ones; so I thought I would try the effect of giving my goat a smaller quantity of hay. But it did not answer. She yielded still less milk, and I had the vexation of hearing her bleat half the day. It is now not worth while milking her twice a day; so I have waited till the evening, in order to get a little more. But she will hardly let me come near her. I have hurt her teat by pressing it too hard.

*February* 8.—I will confess my weakness; I shed tears to-day when I tried in vain to milk Blanchette for the last time. When she saw that I gave up the task, she gazed at me distrustfully, as if putting herself on her guard against a fresh attempt. I pushed the basin on one side, and sat down by the poor creature. I threw my arms round her, and wept bitterly.

She went on eating all the same, bleating occasionally, and looking at me affectionately. They say that goats do not distinguish persons, and that they never manifest the jealous and devoted attachments of dogs; nevertheless, Blanchette is fond of her companions, and shows confidence in them. She looks to me for food and the necessary attentions to which I have accustomed her; and I must now put a knife into her throat! Inexperienced as I am in such a task, I can scarcely avoid causing her great and prolonged suffering.

God has given the animals to man for food; I know it: but it is showing no ingratitude for his bounty if we become attached to those which have rendered us benefits, and which are of a gentle and affectionate disposition. I will, therefore, delay the cruel sacrifice up to the last possible moment. I have still a few victuals left, and I will economize them as closely as I can.

*February* 12.—With so many sorrows pressing on me, it is impossible to keep my journal with strict regularity. My provisions are all but finished; Blanchette grows fatter than ever. It goes to my heart every time I caress her. I have made a fresh search all over the house; I have broken up the floor in several places, to try and discover, if possible, some hidden store of provision. All I have gained by this violent exercise is to excite my appetite. The idea that I have scarcely a morsel left to eat makes me, I believe, all the hungrier.

*February* 17.—Since yesterday the frost has become so sharp at night that I am obliged to keep up a constant fire. Certainly, if this weather lasted, I should have no hesitation in shutting up my poor victim's flesh in the stable, where it freezes hard, without any further preparation. But the weather may change. I must decide upon something without delay. I have only just enough salt left for my butchering purposes!

*February* 18.—The cold is intense; it recalls the visit of the wolves to mind. There is nothing now to hinder them from traversing the mountain in all directions. Under these desperate circumstances, it is the only end which makes me shudder. Were an avalanche permitted to crush me to-day, I should hail death as a deliverance.

*February* 20.—I have come to a grand resolution! I will leave the châlet to-morrow. Before risking my life, I wish to record in my journal what made me come to this conclusion.

Yesterday morning Blanchette's bleating woke me out of a frightful dream. I thought I was standing, with bloody hands, cutting up the poor animal's quivering flesh; her head lay before me; I could nevertheless hear it utter cries of pain. These were what actually did strike my ear. I awoke with my cheeks streaming with tears. How delighted I was to behold Blanchette still living! I ran up to her; she was more affectionate than ever. My joy was not of long duration. I remembered that destitution stared me in the face; indecision was impossible. I took a knife, and set to work to sharpen it on the hearth-stone. I was at my wit's end; I felt as if I were going to commit a murder; and, after advancing unsteadily for the purpose of giving the fatal blow, I stopped short, overpowered by feelings of remorse.

My hands were benumbed with cold, another reason for deferring the act which inspired me with such disgust and repugnance. I lighted a good fire, and pondered as I warmed myself. "If the wolves can travel over the snow," it suddenly struck me, "why should not we travel over it as well?"

This idea thrilled me with joy; then fear stole over my mind. I was about to surrender myself to those ravenous brutes. To avoid making Blanchette my prey, I was exposing myself to become the prey of wolves!

And, if I kill the goat—I afterward considered—am I sure that her flesh will suffice for my support until the moment of deliverance? I have sometimes seen the Jura all covered with white quite into the summer. I must not lose the opportunity now offered while the snow is frozen. That the wolves will attack us during our course, is far from a certainty; for, if I start, our pace will be rapid; we will descend in a sledge!

I sprang to my feet instantly; my resolution was taken, and, from that moment, I labored at its execution. In a short space of time I had roughly put together the vehicle necessary for our journey, employing the very best wood which remained. I gave to the supports of the sledge a considerable width, to prevent their sinking in the snow. I intend fastening the goat behind, and tying her feet so as to hinder her from struggling, and propose to place myself in front. Accustomed in my childish sports to guide a sledge down steep slopes, I hope, if no accident occurs, speedily to reach the plain.

Meanwhile I am about to lie down to rest, although the excitement will hardly allow me to sleep. I can not gaze without emotion on the walls of this prison where I have suffered so much, and where I shall leave my grandfather's remains. I think with terror of the distance which lies between me and the village; but I will not draw back. The thought of being soon certain respecting my father's fate renders me incredibly impatient. The sledge is ready. Here is the rope with which I will tie Blanchette's feet; here is the sheaf of straw which is to serve her for bed and shelter; here is the blanket which I will wrap around me; and, lastly, here is the Bible. I will never part with it more; it shall accompany me unto life or unto death.

In the last scene of my captivity things passed quite differently to what I had expected.

On the 21st of February the cold struck me as increasing in severity; I therefore determined not to lose an instant. I had to open a passage wide enough for the sledge to pass through; but I could throw back the snow into the châlet, and that made my task easier. I immediately set to work, and labored at it so heartily, that at last I felt tired. I was obliged to rest a while. I lighted a fire.

Scarcely had the smoke risen in the air when I heard a great noise outside. My first thought was that the wolves had got scent of me, and that they were on the point of devouring me. I violently shut the door. My fright did not last long, for I soon heard myself distinctly called by name, and I even thought I could recognize the voice. I answered with all my strength.

Instantly there arose, in the direction of the door, a confused sound of voices, like that of people excited by their work in hand. In a few minutes a tolerably wide opening completed the passage which I had begun. It was my father. He scarcely waited for the breach in the snow to be fairly open. He darted with a cry into the châlet. I was in his arms.

"And your grandfather?" he asked.

I was too much overcome to answer: I led him into the dairy. He knelt beside the grave; I did the same; and, as I endeavored to tell him in detail what had passed, he saw by my agitation that the attempt was beyond my strength.

The men who accompanied him had entered. They were my two uncles, and Pierre, our servant. They all embraced me. They saw my preparations, and approved of them. They decided to start immediately. My liberators had fastened to their feet small pieces of board armed with little points. They had brought a couple of pairs besides. Ah! one of them was useless; I put on the other. Pierre took charge of the sledge. The wolves now might come if they pleased; we were all armed. My father took me by the hand, and laid on my shoulder a light gun which I knew how to use.

"This is not the time," he said, "to remove my father's mortal remains. We will come and fetch them as soon as the season allows us, when they shall decently receive the last respect due to them in the village cemetery."

"You have divined," I replied, "my grandfather's last wishes."

We retired for an instant into the dairy; my uncles were with us. After a few moments of silence, my father, all in tears, exclaimed,

"Adieu! father. No doubt I am doing what you would request me to do, in removing this lad as soon as possible, whose fate must have caused you as much apprehension as it has given us. Father, adieu!"

We departed; our eyes were full of tears. The descent was rapid but fatiguing. I was especially dazzled by the light of the sun and the brilliancy of the snow. The cold was severe, and I did not complain; it was what had saved me.

After traveling over the snow with no other accident than sinking in a little from time to time, we arrived at the spot, still a long way from the village, up to which they had opened the road in their endeavors to reach us. I was astonished to see the immense labor it must have cost; and I comprehended that, without the frost, a long time must still have elapsed before I could be delivered.

"You would have been rescued in the month of December if the frost had held on," my father said; "but the snow softened, and we had no choice but to work as hard as we could at this undertaking. You must know, my dear Louis, that our neighbors have been wanting neither in charity nor zeal; but, within the memory of man, never was there such a heavy fall of snow. Four times did we open the road, and four times was it drifted up again."

"Was it blocked up from the first day?" I inquired.

My father then informed me of a very unfortunate circumstance. He nearly lost his life from the sliding of a mass of snow as he was descending the mountain. They picked him up in a dying state at the edge of a ravine, and, a few paces further on, they found my grandfather's stick and my bottle.

My father was carried home senseless, where he continued for three days in a precarious condition. They lost all that time in searching for us among the snow at the bottom of the ravine. When my father came to himself it was too late to make any attempt in our favor, which would already have been very dangerous, if not impossible, after the first day.

All our neighbors came out to meet me, testifying their friendly disposition; and I blushed to have ever doubted it. Every body is curious to see Blanchette. She is overwhelmed with caresses on my account. She is treated to the best hay and the dryest litter; she will be the most pampered and the happiest of goats.

God has saved my life. He has not permitted my grandfather to behold his family again. But the good friend whom I have lost taught me never to murmur at the decrees of Providence.

## THE TWO BEAUTIES OF THE CAMBERWELL ASSEMBLIES, 1778.

"AUNT MARGARET, it is too dark to see that embroidery any longer. Tell me a story."

The speaker looked somewhat too old to proffer such a request. But Isabella Redmayne Wentworth, at "sweet seventeen," a woman in many things, was in others still a child.

"Papa is asleep—fast asleep," she continued, following the glance of Mrs. Margaret Fordyce to the gentleman seated in the arm-chair by the blazing log-fire.

"My dear, I have told you all my stories again and again."

"But you must have some more, or make one."

Mrs. Margaret, who was not the girl's real aunt, but loved her dearly, looked long into her face.

"Auntie! please be quick."

"How like you are to your grandmother, Elsie!"

"Not half so handsome as that portrait up stairs. I wish I were!"

"Child, I do not!" said Mrs. Margaret with her calm sweetness. Isabella Wentworth's beauty was a dower that she already feared might spoil as good a heart and as generous a temper as Herefordshire could boast: "'Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.'"

Isabella was silent a minute, but from her gaze into the placid, softened face above her, did but draw one inference—that beauty might endure to the last years of the longest life, and but then be at its sweetest.

"Well, my love, but your story: I have thought of one.

"When I was young—sixty years ago now—we lived at Camberwell: a very different place then from now, my dear," added the old lady with something of a sigh; a "gay place, too, but we were happy and young enough to be gay. Well, my love, we had our monthly assemblies and many other pleasant meetings, now passed away or despised. At these assemblies often met two of the greatest beauties whom you could have found within ten miles of London then, now I think you might search England through, in vain, to equal *one* of them. My dear, I can not give you their real names, so we will call them Augusta and Lucy."

"How jealous they must have been of one another!" Isabella interposed.

"My love," said the old lady, much shocked, "they were the dearest friends. Augusta was a tall, fine girl of seventeen when I first knew her, with a handsome ingenuous face, somewhat haughty, but very beautiful nevertheless; it was her fine, upright figure and stately carriage that the gentlemen so admired." The old lady paused and sighed. "Lucy was only one year younger, and a little graceful thing with light hair and a fair complexion; her eyes, I was told, were very lovely, blue and open. She loved Augusta with all her heart—they were companion beauties, no rivals."

"I should not like that!"

"My dear, may you ever find as dear a friend as Lucy did in Augusta; Lucy was poor, Augusta rich, yet she loved and sought her. Well, month after month were these two girls admired, and many a husband given to either," and Mrs. Margaret smiled, "but folks found they were mistaken; the year came round, and they were still but Misses. Meantime, Lucy had been with her father—poor thing, she had no mother—to visit an uncle in—we will say, Berkshire. He was the rector of a little country parish; the autumn was rainy; he had no wife—no children; and while her uncle and father were out shooting or fishing, Lucy was left alone with the housekeeper, a tabby cat, and Robinson Crusoe."

"I should have run home."

Mrs. Margaret smiled and paused.

"My dear, they were the happiest days of her life—I was going to say the *last* happy days of her life; but that would have been far from true, though once she thought so. Well, near the end of her visit, the family came back to the hall; there was grand rejoicing and bell-ringing, for with them came the son and heir, a young man just returned from America—he had been wounded at Saratoga. Well, Lucy's uncle went to pay his respects to the Squire and his lady. Now, my dear, the Squire was old and gouty, and my lady a good wife to him—yes, a good woman—to all be their due; but proud—very proud. Well, the Squire was laid up with so sharp an attack that week, he could not return the call, nor did Lucy see any of the family till the Sunday, when my lady and her son appeared in the large hall-pew. The Squire's lady looked like a Squire's lady in those days—none of your flimsy muslins and barèges; but Lady Anne then and ever was in the richest brocade—one, my dear, that would have stood by itself, well displayed by her hoop. Lucy watched her as she sailed up the aisle, and thought her the finest lady she had ever seen. My dear, she was also the cruelest."

Isabella looked up.

Mrs. Margaret smiled. "But she was a very handsome woman for all that, my love, and used her fan, and courtesied to the people with surpassing grace and dignity. Her wide skirts filled the little aisle, and so behind her walked the young Colonel. *He*—well, my dear, he was the best-looking man I ever saw—a better-looking one than *you* can ever hope to see. He was dressed in a Pompadour coat, laced with silver, and wore one arm still in a sling. Well, and Lucy—silly little Lucy—could not keep her eyes off that fine, pleasant-looking gentleman. Yes, his very looks were pleasant. Silly did I say she was? She was worse than silly—wrong. If she had that morning thought—as she ought to have done—of man's Maker instead of man, and kept her eyes upon her book, almost all the trouble which she ever knew would have been spared her. She and her father were to leave Berkshire the middle of that week. On the Tuesday young Colonel Redworth called to make his father's excuses; the poor old man could not leave the house. Well, Lucy was sitting in the arbor working; silly child—she longed to go in, but shame kept her out; she felt whose voice it was that she caught occasionally. Well, my dear, he and her uncle came out into the garden—the Rector had in old times been the Colonel's tutor—they came toward her, and Lucy heard a frank, pleasant voice say:

"'Ah, do you remember that last lesson in the arbor, and how you said I should kill you before I'd done with it? I should be a more attentive pupil now, I hope; let us see it again.'

"They turned toward the arbor, they came nearer and nearer; Lucy waited till escape was too late, and then by a silly, sudden impulse rose to flee. Her uncle—he was so fond and proud of her—called her back; good manners compelled her to turn round and courtesy. Colonel Redworth bowed.

"My dear, I believe myself he felt in love with her at that moment; but others told her he never loved her at all. They say Lucy never looked so lovely as when blushing and confused, and she was confused enough then."

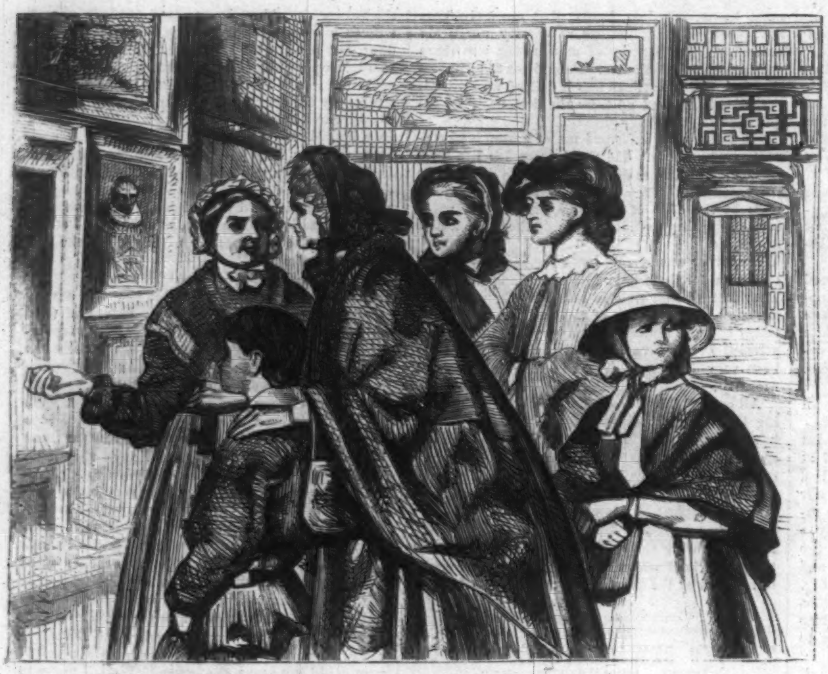
"Aunt, you say, 'They tell me:' Didn't you know her yourself?"

"My dear, *I* never saw her; but Augusta, her great friend, I often saw every day for months, and she knew poor Lucy's story as well as Lucy did herself. Well, Colonel Redworth was a charming man—a very charming man; if he fell in love with Lucy, it was little wonder that she did so with him. That evening came a note from Lady Anne, asking Mr.—we will call the Rector—Jervis to dinner, and trusting that his brother and niece would accompany him. Well, my dear, the day named was Thursday. Lucy and her father were to have gone back to Camberwell on the Wednesday. Lucy persuaded her father to stay; at least, his brother did, for he saw how Lucy's wishes lay. They went. My lady had a great respect for the family, and received them with little stiffness for her—still, stiffly enough. The old Squire was too ill to be in the drawing-room, they were to find him at the dining-table; thus the Colonel gave Lucy his hand, and led her through the grand hall amidst the powdered men; my dear, if Lucy had thought, she might have known that she never could be mistress in such a house, or wife of such a fine gentleman—her father was but a solicitor."

"Oh!" said Isabella, as if this announcement made the heroine much less interesting.

"So good, so upright, so honored a man," pursued Mrs. Margaret, with her calm smile, "that Lucy never wished it otherwise! Well, I am talking of the Colonel handing Lucy across the hall—her first touch of the strong, tender hand of that good, gallant man. How she treasured it, and still treasures its memory! Well, after dinner the four elders fell to whist, and the Colonel and Lucy were left alone. She was well educated for those days, and if he had not profited much by his education in early life, he had seen much service, and used his wits since. He talked, and she was at home enough in his subjects to make a good listener, and to make proper answers. Once or twice she fancied my lady turned and eyed them a little sharply; but this, I think, was only her fancy. Lady Anne then never for a moment dreamed of her son's thinking of such a simple girl. Well, the next day Lucy and her father went home. Augusta was the first to come and see her. Lucy was wonderfully shy and unwilling to speak of her visit. Augusta pressed and rallied her, until she laid her head on her friend's shoulder, burst into tears, and told of that frank, gracious gentleman, Thomas Red—worth. She poured out her full heart in praise, till Augusta laughed, and said, 'Take care how you let me see him! If he be such perfection, I shall want him for myself!'

"My dear, 'There is many a true word spoken in jest.' The next assembly night came, and there, to Lucy's surprise, was Colonel Redworth. How she blushed and started—how her heart beat! He made his way to her, he asked the honor of her hand for all the cotillons that evening. Poor silly girl, she consented. How happily she danced—every step a pleasure. Well, it is well to be young and happy, after all! At supper Lucy sat next Augusta. She longed to hear her opinion of her partner. It did not come. At length she ventured to say,



"I COULD NOT BELIEVE MY EYES."

"'Did I say one word too much?'

"'No, no, indeed,' answered Augusta, quickly. Then, laughing, 'He is vastly superior to any one here.'

"They left the room together. Lucy saw Colonel Redworth's eye follow them, glance from her to her companion, back to her, and then rest upon her companion. Isabella—from that moment she was jealous of her friend. She sat down on the nearest seat. Augusta lingered only a moment beside her, and then went to her mother. She, too, felt that they were henceforth rivals.

"Elsie," continued the old lady, clasping her hands upon her lap, "I can not follow that winter through, it was shameful to both; they set themselves one against the other, they struggled each to be the lovelier. Sir Thomas and Lady Anne came to town; their weight went with the better-born and more wealthy, otherwise I think Lucy would not have been forgotten. As it was, she was. She felt her chance was hopeless; Elsie, in her weak love she knelt and prayed Augusta to have mercy, and—was mocked and scorned. Each night Augusta gained ground; Lucy sat by and watched her triumph. My dear, early in the spring Mr. Redworth married her."

"And she led him a dog of a life ever after, I hope?"

"My love, I never wished so. I can not justify Augusta, but I do not judge as I did then. Then Lucy had many admirers, but few lovers; for she had little position, and no fortune—then all I thought of was David and the 'one ewe lamb.'

"My dear, I need not tell you that from that day Lucy and Augusta never met, never wrote. Lucy thought her heart would break. My dear, how often we think so when life has plenty of cares and pleasures yet! Pride made her first bear up, then, thank God! the Bible. And she had a father for whom to live, who never again lost his first place in her affections.

"Well, my dear, only three years later, I saw Colonel Redworth's death in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* The name never met Lucy's eyes again. Years passed on, her father died in a good old age; Time had healed her wound. She smiled now at her simplicity in thinking ever to be the wife of such a man; and rejoiced that the temptation to leave her father alone, yea, to desert him—what must she have done else in becoming daughter-in-law to Sir Thomas and Lady Anne?—had never been set before her. Time, I say, had healed this wound, but there was one he could not heal. The rankling indignation and shame at Augusta's treachery. She still called her friend's conduct by no gentler name. So sharp had been the fight, each had learned well-nigh to hate the other, and they forgot, as we too often do, 'he that hateth his brother is a murderer.' And yet this, when Lucy thought the grave must have closed over Augusta, and that her own time must be short.

"Well, my love, Lucy had grown an old woman. Her ties were very few. My love, when life is waning away, it is hard to feel we shall leave no one behind to mourn us and to miss us—so selfish are we to the end! She was staying for a few days in the new home of one of the few friends left her, the daughter of a friend of early days, now a grandmother herself—one who at the time of Lucy's fiercest trial had been yet unborn. The young people were going to explore an old manor-house twelve miles distant, open to the public by the courtesy of the owner one day in each week. The day came. Mrs. Tylecote was not able to go with them. Poor things! no one could bear them to be disappointed, and Lucy offered to take her place, little used to such doings now.

"She was very sad and lonely just then. Two days before she had heard, as she believed, of the death of the last friend left her of her own generation. But the morning was bright and sunny, her young friends happy and merry, and, my dear, before they reached the manor-house, Mrs. Lucy was as happy as the youngest there. My love, never sit still and cling to sorrow when a duty comes in your way—meet it, and it will leave a blessing behind it.

"We explored oak-paneled parlors, and dismal dungeons below the foundation of the present house, which in the reign of Elizabeth had taken the place of the old Norman castle. Finally, the old housekeeper took us the round of the portrait gallery. There were formal, rich-colored Holbeins, pensive Vandykes, voluptuous Lelys, and charming Sir Joshuas; and, my dear, among them, a portrait of Augusta Clinton.

"Elsie, I had been with her when the first sketch was begun, with her when the last touch had been put in. I could not believe my eyes. Yes, this was *that* portrait, and no other, though strangely had sixty years dimmed and marred its beauties. I stood gazing and gazing, and my heart yearned toward her, my old friend—not, my dear, but that I believed her dead long ago.

"As I stood, the door of a room a little to my left opened. An aged lady came out, stately, and yet bowed; beautiful, but exceeding sad. She passed me; I courtesied, to apologize for our intrusion. She looked hard at me as she bowed in return, and passed on. She recognized *me* with no clew; while I, with that picture before me, knew not my old friend.

"How did it come there? I longed to know, but could not ask. We went down stairs again. We were preparing to start home, when the same lady advanced toward us from a parlor.

"'Madam,' she said, ceremoniously, 'pardon me; but you seem a great admirer of Sir Joshua. There is one in my parlor I do not, in general, show to my visitors—but if you would—it is a master-piece—'

"She broke off, and led the way. I followed. Elsie, my heart beat as it had not done since the day I saw Colonel Redworth in the Camberwell assembly. Something in the stately figure I was following seemed familiar; and yet no wonder I knew her not. She motioned to me to stand on the rug beside her. My eyes were fixed on hers: she raised them, mine followed hers, to the picture above the mantle-piece. Oh, Elsie! it was Col. Redworth, in a Pompadour coat, laced with silver.

"'Meg! Meg!' she sobbed—she, the strong, proud woman, who had once so mocked my tears, 'I only had him three years. He was killed by a fall from his horse. They brought him home dead. I broke your heart. This broke mine.'

"She sobbed like a child. I should not wonder if she had never shed a tear for him before.

"'Meg! Meg!' she gasped, 'speak to me. Can not you forgive me? It is one-and-fifty years—one-and-fifty years,' she repeated, 'since I sinned against you. And for eight-and-forty of these years I have been a widow.'

"Elsie, she was my old friend. The friend who more than *sixty* years ago had loved me. All was forgotten and forgiven before that.

"'If you had not appreciated him,' I said (but, Elsie, think me not better than I am; it was a hard struggle)—'if you had not appreciated him, it would have been hard for me ever to forgive you. As it is, you did but love him too well.'

"She kissed me. Elsie, my heart melted and yearned within me. I flung my arms around her and cried for joy. She fondled and caressed me, half-scolding. Elsie, we both thought of the day that I had first told her of Thomas Redmayne, and we looked for the last time *jealously* in each other's faces. Our love was again as if this had never come between us—nay, even the clearer for this long cloud.

"'You have children?' I said at last—I so longed for the face of a Redmayne.

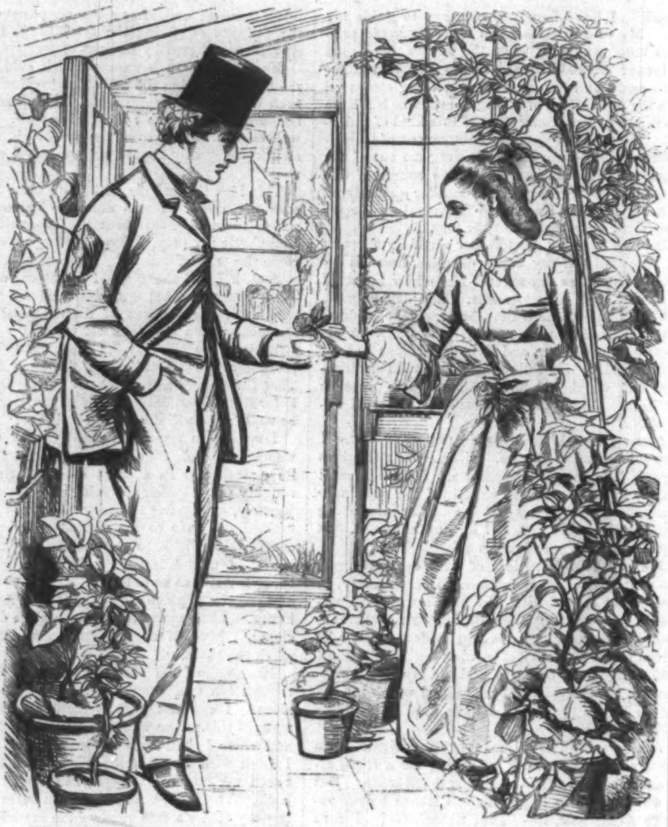
"'He left me with a son and daughter. The son so like him. Meg, you who knew me so strong and confident, will wonder—I ruined him by my fondness. He is dead now. Oh, Meg! I have known trouble indeed. I was *glad* when he died! My daughter dead also, and yet she died an old woman, too. Meg, I used to think Death had forgotten me—now, again, he will come all too soon!'

"'Are there none, then?'

"'Yes, my daughter's son. I will show you.'

"We crossed the hall. There were my young party standing at the door awaiting me. I never remembered them even then. She turned the handle, and entered softly.

"'See!'



THE CONSERVATORY.—"HE HOLDS THE ROSE—AND HER HAND AS WELL."

"I looked. There, leaning back in an arm-chair, reading, was a young man of eight-and-twenty or so. He started and rose.

"'Thomas,' she said, 'Mrs. Margaret Fordyce, a very dear old friend of mine.'

"He came to meet me. He was his grandfather all over. His open, gallant bearing, and all, were his. Even that charming voice and smile, which I thought never to have heard or seen again. *Yet it was not the same!* Well, Elsie!"

"Oh, Aunt Margaret! This was—"

"Think of the best man you know."

Elsie's eyes glanced to the figure in the chimney-corner. And at that moment her father justified his title to be possessor of "the most charming voice and smile." He opened his eyes and called his daughter to him.

Isabella flew to his side, and throughout that evening looked wondrously into the face which had unconsciously earned such new interest. But the lesson of Mrs. Margaret's history was not lost upon her.

## THE CONSERVATORY.

THE roof is dim with beads of dew,
The autumn sun comes pouring through,
Like golden water tinged with blue.

The vapory air is rich with scent—
A melody of odors blent
Like accords of some instrument.

The tuberose yields its languid soul,
And fainter streams of perfume roll
From the white lily's carven bowl.

From clustering jasmine honey flows,
And a delicious tea-wind blows
From the large yellow China rose.

Thus by all spicy perfumes fanned,
And touched with airs from every land,
Beneath the lucent roof they stand.

They both are young and both are fair,
The light of heaven is in her hair,
And he is tall and debonnaire.

She plucks some roses from their stem,
Then slyly looks at him and them,
And gives a gentle, dangerous "Hem!"

"Give me a rose," the youngster cries;
She sudden lifts, then drops her eyes,
And acts a kind of small surprise.

With air as meek as any saint
That Sanzio himself might paint,
She gives the youth denial faint.

But still he pleads, and still the maid
Denies him—yet her hand has strayed
Toward his—love by love betrayed.

So while they talk the hands draw near,
Hers trembles with a nameless fear—
The rose that's there will soon be here.

The way it passed I can not tell:
Denial from her lips still fell,
But he holds the rose—and her hand as well.

His manly cheek with triumph glows,
For well the loving youngster knows
The mystic meaning of that rose.

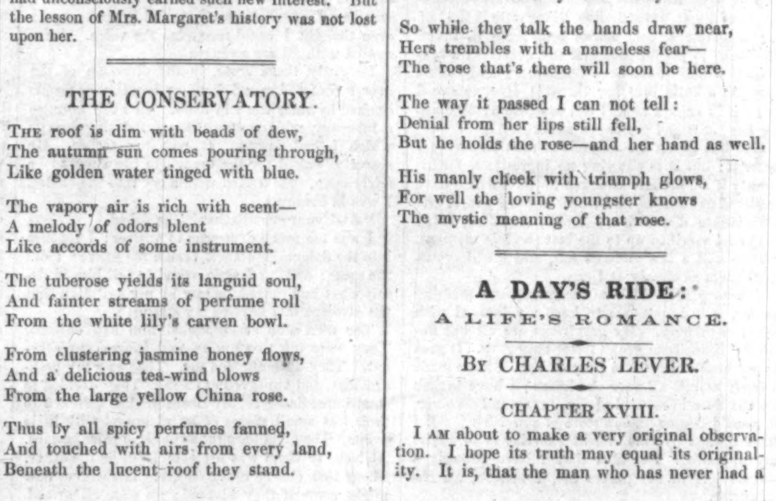
# A DAY'S RIDE:

## A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

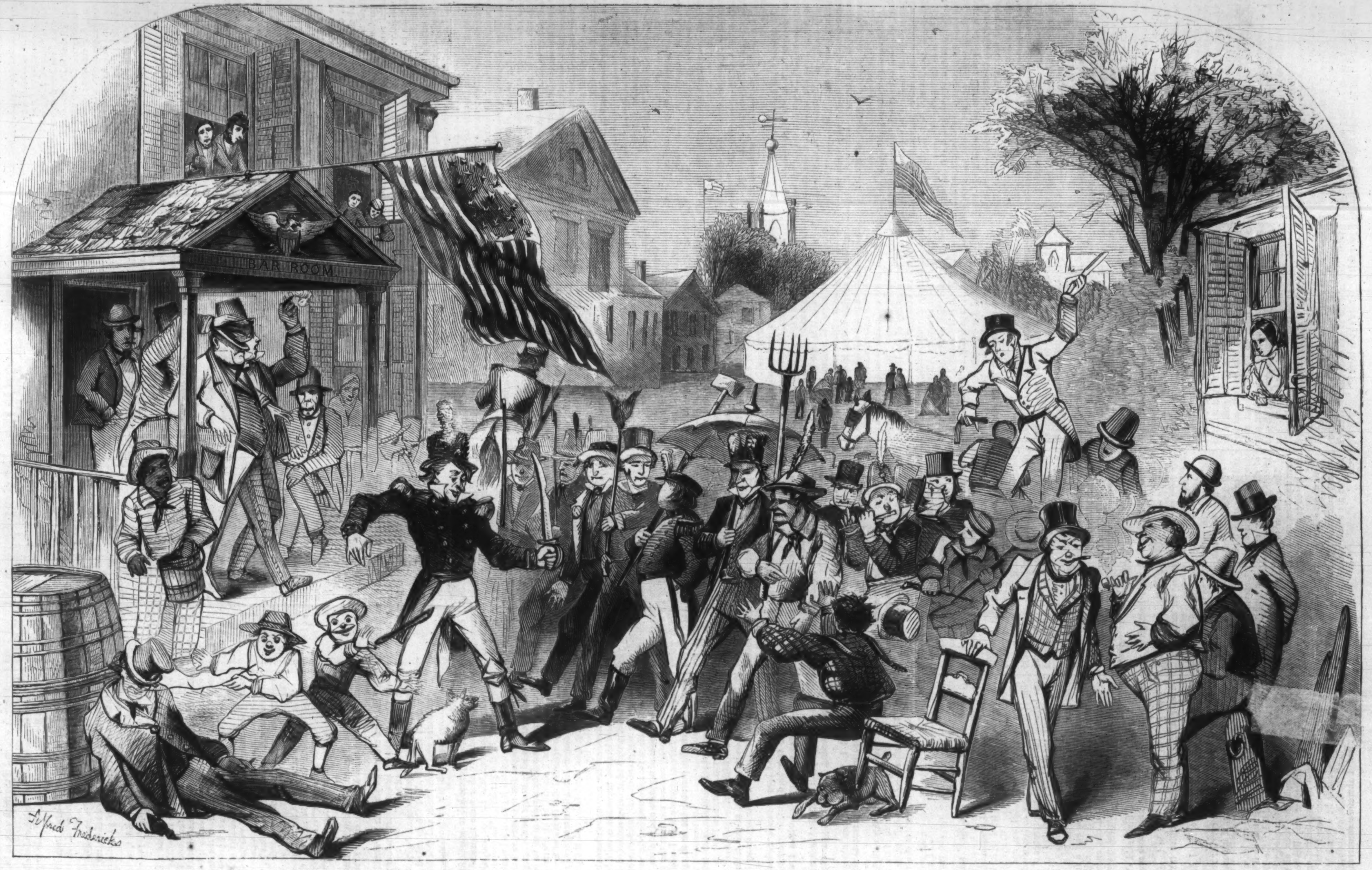
### BY CHARLES LEVER.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

I AM about to make a very original observation. I hope its truth may equal its originality. It is, that the man who has never had a



"YOU WOULD NEVER GUESS HOW I RECOGNIZED YOU, SIR," SAID SHE.



TRAINING DAY IN THE COUNTRY—AUTUMN OF 1860.—[SEE PAGE 735.]

sister is, at his first entrance into life, far more the slave of feminine captivations than he who has been brought up in a "house full of girls."

"Oh, for shame, Mr. Potts! Is this the gallantry we have heard so much of? Is this the spirit of that chivalrous devotion you have been incessantly impressing upon us?" Wait a moment, fair creature; give me one half-minute for an explanation. He who has not had sisters has had no experiences of the behind-scene life of the female world; he has never heard one syllable about the plans, and schemes, and devices by which hearts are snared. He fancies Mary stuck that moss-rose in her hair in a moment of childish caprice; that Kate ran after her little sister, and showed the prettiest of ankles in doing it, out of the irrepressible gayety of her buoyant spirits. In a word, he is one who only sees the play when the house is fully lighted, and all the actors in their grand costume; he has never witnessed a rehearsal, and has not the very vaguest suspicion of a prompter.

To him, therefore, who has only experienced the rough companionship of brothers—or, worse still, has lived entirely alone—the first acquaintanceship with the young-lady world is such a fascination as no words can describe. The gentle look, the graceful gestures, the silvery voices, all the play and action of natures so infinitely more refined than any he has ever witnessed, are inexpressibly captivating. It is not alone the occupations of their hours, light, graceful, and picturesque as they are, but all their topics, their thoughts, seem to soar out of that commonplace world he has lived in, and rise to ideal realms of poetry and beauty. I say it advisedly: I do not know of any thing so truly Elysian in life as our first—our very first—experiences of this kind.

Werther's passion for Charlotte received a powerful impulse from watching her as she cut bread and butter for the children. There are vulgar natures who will smile at this; who can never enter into the intense far-sightedness of that poetic conception; that could in one trait of simplicity embody a whole lifetime with its ennobling duties, its cheerful sacrifices, its gracefully borne cares. Let him, therefore, who could sneer at Werther, scoff at Potts, as he owns that he never felt his heart so powerfully drawn to Kate Herbert as when he watched her making tea for breakfast. Dressed in a muslin that represented mourning, her rich hair plainly inclosed in a net, and with a noiseless motion, she glided about, an ideal of gentle sadness, more fascinating than I can tell. If she bore any unpleasant memory of our little difference, she did not show it; her manner was calm, and even kind. She felt, perhaps, that some compensation was due to me for the rudeness of that old woman, and was not unwilling to make it.

"You know we are to rest here to-day?" said she, as she busied herself at the table.

"I heard it by a mere chance, and from the courier," said I, peevishly. "I am not quite certain in what capacity Mrs. Keates condescends to regard me, that I am treated with such scant courtesy. Probably you would be kind enough to ascertain this point for me?"

"I shall certainly not ask," said she, with a smile.

"I certainly promised her brother—I could not do less for a colleague, not to say something more—that I'd see this old lady safe over the Alps. They are looking out for me anxiously enough at Constantinople all this while. In fact, I suspect there will be a nice confusion there through my delay, and I'd not be a bit surprised if they begin to believe that stupid story in the *Nord*. I suppose you saw it?"

"No. What is it about?"

"It is about your humble servant, Miss Herbert, and hints that he has received one hundred purses from the sheiks of Lebanon, not to reach the Golden Horn before they have made their peace with the Grand Vizier."

"And is of course untrue?"

"Of course, every word of it is a falsehood; but there are gobemouches will believe any thing. Mark my words, and see if this allegation be not heard in the House of Commons, and some Tower Hamlets member start up to ask if the Foreign Secretary will lay on the table copies of the instructions given to a certain person, and supposed to be credentials of a nature to supersede the functions of our embassador at the Porte. In confidence, between ourselves, Miss Herbert, so they are! I am intrusted with full powers about the Hatti Homayoun, as the world shall see in good time."

"Do you take your tea strong?" asked she; and there was something so odd and so inopportune in the question, that I felt it as a sort of covert sneer; but when I looked up and beheld that pale and gentle face turned toward me, I banished the base suspicion, and forgetting all my enthusiasm, said,

"Yes, dearest; strong as brandy!"

She tried to look grave, perhaps angry; but, in spite of herself, she burst out a-laughing.

"I perceive, Sir," said she, "that Mrs. Keates was quite correct when she said that you appear to have moments in which you are unaware of what you say."

Before I could rally to reply, she had poured out a cup of tea for Mrs. Keates, and left the room to carry it to her.

"'Moments in which I am unaware of what I say'—'incoherent intervals' Forbes Winslow would call them: in plain English, I am mad. Old woman, have you dared to cast such an aspersion on me, and to disparage me, too, in the quarter where I am striving to achieve success? For her opinion of me I am less than indifferent; for her judgment of my capacity, my morals, my manners, I am as careless as I well can be of any thing; but these become serious disparagements when they reach the ears of her whose heart I would make my own. I will insist on an explanation—no, but an apology—for this. She shall declare that she used these words in some non-natural sense—that I am the sanest of mortals; she shall give it under her hand and seal: 'I, the undersigned, having, in a moment of rash and impatient judgment, imputed to the bearer of this document, Algernon Sydney Potts'—No, 'Pottinger—' ha, there is a difficulty! If I be Pottinger, I can never rebecome Potts; if Potts, I am lost—or, rather, Miss Herbert is lost to me forever. What a dire embarrassment! Not to mention that in the passport I was Ponto!"

"Mrs. Keates desired me to beg you will step up to her room after breakfast, and bring your account-books with you." This was said by Miss Herbert as she entered and took her place at the table.

"What has the old lady got in her head?" said I, angrily. "I have no account-books—I never had such in my life. When I travel alone, I say to my courier, 'Diomede'—he is a Greek —'Diomede, pay;' and he pays. When Diomede is not with me, I ask, 'How much?' and I give it."

"It certainly simplifies travel," said she, gravely.

"It does more, Miss Herbert: it accomplishes the end of travel. Your doctor says, 'Go abroad —take a holiday—turn your back on Downing Street, and bid farewell to cabinet councils.' Where is the benefit of such a course, I ask, if you are to pass the vacation cursing custom-house officers, bullying landlords, and browbeating waiters? I say always, 'Give me a bad dinner if you must, but do not derange my digestion; rather a damp bed than thorns on the pillow.'"

"I am to say that you will see her, however," said she, with that matter-of-fact adhesiveness to the question that never would permit her to join me in my digressions.

"That I go under protest, Miss Herbert—under protest, and, as the lawyers say, without prejudice—that is, that I go as a private gentleman, irresponsible and independent. Tell her this, and say, I know nothing of figures: arithmetic may suit the Board of Trade; in the Foreign Department we ignore it. You may add, too, if you like, that from what you have seen of me, I am of a haughty disposition, easily offended, and very vindictive—very!"

"But I really don't think this," said she, with a bewitching smile.

"Not to *you*, de—" I was nearly in it again: "not to *you*," said I, stammering and blushing till I felt on fire. I suspect that she saw all the peril of the moment, for she left the room hurriedly, on the pretext of asking Mrs. Keates to take more tea.

"She is sensible of your devotion, Potts; but is she touched by it? Has she said to herself, 'That man is my fate, my destiny—it is no use resisting him; dark and mysterious as he is, I am drawn toward him by an inscrutable sympathy'—or is she still struggling in the toils, muttering to her heart to be still, and to wait? Flutter away, gentle creature," said I, compassionately, "but wound not your lovely plumage too roughly; the bars of your cage are not the less impassable that they are invisible. You shall love me, and you shall be mine!"

To these rapturous fancies there now succeeded the far less captivating thought of Mrs. Keates and an approaching interview. Can any reader explain why it is that one sits in quiet admiration of some old woman by Teniers or Holbein, and never experiences any chagrin or impatience at trials which, if only represented in life, would be positively odious? Why is it that art transcends nature, and that ugliness in canvas is more endurable than ugliness in the flesh? Now, for my own part, I'd rather have faced a whole gallery of the Dutch school, from Van Eyck to Verhagen, than have confronted that one old lady who sat awaiting me in No. 12.

Twice as I sat at my breakfast did François put in his head, look at me, and retire without a word. "What is the matter? What do you mean?" cried I, impatiently, at the third intrusion.

"It is Madam that wishes to know when Monsieur will be at leisure to go up stairs to her."

I almost bounded on my chair with passion. How was I, I would ask, to maintain any portion of that dignity with which I ought to surround myself if exposed to such demands as this? This absurd old woman would tear off every illusion in which I draped myself. What availed all the romance a rich fancy could conjure up, when that wicked old enchantress called me to her presence, and in a voice of thunder said, "Strip off these masqueradings, Potts, I know the whole story." "Ay, but," thought I, "she can not do so; of me and my antecedents she knows positively nothing." "Halt there!" interposes Conscience; "it is quite enough to pronounce the coin base without being able to say at what mint it was fabricated. She knows you, Potts, she knows you!"

There is one great evil in castle-building, and I have thought very long and anxiously, and I must own fruitlessly, over how to meet it: it is that one never can get a lease of the ground to build on. One is always, like an Irish cottier, a tenant at will, likely to be turned out at a moment's notice, and dispossessed without pity or compassion. The same language applies to each: "You know well, my good fellow, you had no right to be there; pack up and be off!" It's no use saying that it was a bit of waste land unfenced and untilled; that, until you took it in hand, it was overgrown with nettles and duckweed; that you dispossessed no one, and suchlike. The answer is still the same, "Where's your title? Where's your lease?"

Now, I am curious to hear what injury I was inflicting on that old woman at No. 12 by any self-deceptions of mine? Could the most exaggerated estimate I might form of myself, my present, or my future, in any degree affect her? Who constituted her a sort of ambulatory conscience, to call people's hearts to account at a moment's notice? It may be seen by the tone of these reflections that I was fully impressed with the belief that through some channel, or by some clew, Mrs. Keates knew all my history, and intended to use her knowledge tyrannically over me.

Oh, that I could only retaliate! Oh, that I had only the veriest fragment of her past life, out of which to construct her whole story—just as out of a mastodon's molar Cuvier used to build up the whole monster, never omitting a rib, nor forgetting a vertebra! How I should like to say to her, and with a most significant sigh, "I knew poor Keates well!" Could I not make even these simple words convey a world of accusation, blended with bitter sorrow and regret?

François again, and on the same errand. "Say I am coming; that I have only finished a hasty breakfast, and that I am coming this instant," cried I. Nor was it very easy for me to repress the more impatient expressions which struggled for utterance, particularly as I saw, or fancied I saw, the fellow pass his hand over his mouth to hide a grin at my expense.

"Is Miss Herbert up stairs?"

"No, Sir, she is in the garden."

This was so far pleasant. I dreaded the thought of her presence at this interview, and I felt that punishment within the precincts of the jail was less terrible than on the drop before the populace; and with this consoling reflection I mounted the stairs.

## CHAPTER XIX.

I KNOCKED twice before I heard the permission to enter; but scarcely had I closed the door behind me than the old lady advanced, and courtesying to me with a manner of most reverential politeness, said, "When you learn, Sir, that my conduct has been dictated in the interest of your safety, you will, I am sure, graciously pardon many apparent rudenesses in my manner toward you, and only see in them my zeal to serve you."

I could only bow to a speech, not one syllable of which was in the least intelligible to me. She conducted me courteously to a seat, and only took her own after I was seated.

"I feel, Sir," said she, "that there will be no end to our embarrassments if I do not go straight to my object and say at once that I know you. I tell you frankly, Sir, that my brother did not betray your secret. The instincts of his calling —to him second nature—were stronger than fraternal love, and all he said to me was, 'Martha, I have found a gentleman who is going south, and who, without inconvenience, can see you safely as far as Como.' I implicitly accepted his words, and agreed to set out immediately. I suspected nothing—I knew nothing. It was only before going down to dinner that the paragraph in the *Courrier du Dimanche* met my eye, and as I read it, I thought I should have fainted. My first determination was not to appear at dinner. I felt that something or other in my manner would betray my knowledge of your secret. My next was to go down and behave with more than usual sharpness. You may have remarked that I was very abrupt, almost, shall I say, rude?"

I tried to enter a dissent to this, but did not succeed so happily as I meant; but she resumed:

"At any cost, however, Sir, I determined that I alone should be the depository of your confidence. Miss Herbert is to me a comparative stranger; she is, besides, very young; she would be in nowise a suitable person to intrust with such a secret, and so I said, I will pretend illness, and remain here for a day; I will make some pretext of dissatisfaction about the expense of the journey; I will affect to have had some passing difference, and he can thus leave us ere he be discovered. Not that I desire this, Sir: far from it; this is the brightest episode in a long life. I never imagined that I should have enjoyed such an honor; but I have only to think of your safety, and if an old woman, unobservant, and unremarking as myself, could penetrate your disguise, why not others more keen-sighted and penetrating? Don't you agree with me?"

"There is much force in what you say, Madam," said I, with dignity, "and your words touch me profoundly." I thought this a happy expression, for it conveyed a sort of grand condescension that seemed to hit off the occasion.

"You would never guess how I recognized you, Sir," said she.

"Never, Madam." I could have given my oath to this, if required.

"Well," said she, with a bland smile, "it was from the resemblance to your mother!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; you are far more like *her* than your father, and you are scarcely so tall as he was."

"Perhaps not, Madam."

"But you have his manner, Sir, the graceful and captivating dignity that distinguished all your house; this would betray you to the eyes of all who have enjoyed the high privilege of knowing your family."

The allusion to our house showed that we were royalties, and I laid my hand on my heart, and bowed as a prince ought, blandly but haughtily.

"Ah, Sir," said she, with a deep sigh, "your present enterprise fills me with apprehension. Are you not afraid yourself of the consequences?"

I sighed, too, and if the truth were to be told, I was very much afraid.

"But, of course, you are acting under advice, and with the counsel of those well able to guide you."

"I can not say I am, Madam; I am free to tell you that every step I am now taking is self-suggested."

"Oh, then, let me implore you to pause, Sir," said she, falling on her knees before me, "let me thus entreat of you not to go farther in a path so full of danger."

"Shall I confess, Madam," said I, proudly, "that I do not see these dangers you speak of?"

I thought that on this hint she would talk out, and I might be able to pierce the vail of the mystery, and discover who I was; for though very like my mother, and shorter than my father, I was sorely puzzled about my parentage; but she only went off into generalities about the state of the Continent, and the condition of Europe generally. I saw now that my best chance of ascertaining something about myself was to obtain from her the newspaper that first suggested her discovery of me, and I said, half carelessly, "Let me see the paragraph which struck you in the *Courrier*."

"Ah, Sir, you must excuse me, these ignoble writers have little delicacy in alluding to the misfortunes of the great; they seem to revenge the littleness of their own station on every such occasion."

"You can well imagine, Madam, how time has accustomed me to such petty insults: show me the paper."

"Pray let me refuse you, Sir; I would not, however blamelessly, be associated in your mind with what might offend you."

Again I protested that I was used to such attacks, that I knew all about the wretched hireling creatures who wrote them, and that instead of offending, they positively amused me—actually made me laugh.

Thus urged, she proceeded to search for the newspaper, and only after some minutes was it that she remembered Miss Herbert had taken it away to read in the garden. She proposed to send the servant to fetch it; but this I would not permit, pretending at last to concur in her own previously expressed contempt for the paragraph —but secretly promising myself to go in search of it the moment I should be at liberty—and once more she resumed the theme of my rashness, and my dangers, and all the troubles I might possibly bring upon my family, and the grief I might occasion my grandmother.

Now as there are few men upon whom the ties of family and kindred imposed less rigid bonds, I was rather provoked at being reminded of obligations to my grandmother, and was almost driven to declare that she weighed for very little in the balance of my plans and motives. The old lady, however, rescued me from the indiscretion by a fervent entreaty that I would at least ask a certain person what he thought of my present step.

"Will you do this?" said she, with tears in her eyes. "Will you do it, now?"

I promised her faithfully.

"Will you do it here, Sir, at this table, and let me have the proudest memory in my life to recall the incident?"

"I should like an hour or two for reflection," said I, pushed very hard by this insistance of hers, for I was sorely puzzled whom I was to write to.

"Oh!" said she, still tearfully, "is it not the habit of hesitating, Sir, has cost your house so dearly?"

"No," said I, "we have been always accounted prompt in action and true to our engagements."

Heaven forgive me! but in this vainglorious speech I was alluding to the motto of the Potts' crest, "*Vigilantibus omnia fausta;*" or, as some one rendered it, "Potts answers to the night-bell."

She smiled faintly at my remark. I wonder how she would have looked had she read the thought that suggested it.

"But you *will* write to him, Sir?" said she once more.

I laid my hand over what anatomists call the region of the heart, and tried to look like Charles Edward in the prints. Meanwhile my patience was beginning to fail me, and I felt that if the mystification were to last much longer I should infallibly lose my presence of mind. Fortunately, the old lady was so full of her theme that she only asked to be let talk away without interruption, with many an allusion to the dear Count and the adored Duchess, and a fervent hope that I might be ultimately reconciled to them both, a wish which I had tact enough to perceive required the most guarded reserve on my part.

"I know I am indiscreet, Sir," said she, at last; "but you must pardon one whose zeal outruns her reason."

And I bowed grandly, as I might have done in extending mercy to some captive taken in battle.

"There is but one favor more, Sir, I have to beg."

"Speak it, Madam. As the courtier remarked—if it be possible it *is* done, if impossible it *shall* be done."

"Well, Sir, it is that you will not leave us till you hear from—" She hesitated, as if afraid to say the name, and then added, "the Rue St. Georges. Will you give me this pledge?"

Now, though this would have been, all things considered, an arrangement very like to have lasted my life, I could not help hesitating ere I assented, not to say that our dear friend of the Rue St. Georges, whoever he was, might possibly not concur in all the delusions indispensable to my happiness. I therefore demurred—that is, in legal acceptance, I deferred assent—as though to say, "We'll see."

"At all events, Sir, you'll accompany us to Como?"

"You have my pledge to that, Madam."

"And, meanwhile, Sir, you agree with me that it is better I should continue to behave toward you with a cold and distant reserve?"

"Unquestionably."

"Rarely meeting, seldom or never conversing."

"I should say never, Madam; making, in fact, any communication you may desire to reach me through the intervention of that young person—I forget her name."

"Miss Herbert, Sir."

"Exactly; and who appears gentle and unobtrusive."

"She is a gentlewoman by birth, Sir," said the old lady, techily.

"I have no doubt of it, Madam, or she would not be found in association with *you*."

She courtesied deeply at the compliment, and I bowed as low, and backing and bowing I gained the door, dying with eagerness to make my escape.

"Will you pardon me, Sir, if, after all the agitation of this meeting, I do not feel equal to appear at dinner to-day?"

"You will charge that young person to give me news of your health, however," said I, insinuating that I expected to see Miss Herbert.

"Certainly, Sir; and if it be your pleasure that she should dine with you, to preserve appearances—"

"You are right, Madam; your remark is full of wisdom. I shall expect to meet her." And again I bowed low, and ere she recovered from another reverential courtesy I had closed the door behind me, and was half-way down stairs.

## TRAINING DAY.

THIS is the season of the year at which our militia turn out for training day; and the scene which we engrave on page 733 will be recognized as familiar by all residents of country villages. Such spectacles have been so often described that we will not occupy any space here with a repetition of the old story, but will simply refer to our picture, as telling its own tale in its own way.

## THE AMERICAN TURF.—FAVORITE HORSES.

WE publish on page 728 a group of famous champions of the American turf.

The poetic beauty of the head of TOM WONDER warrants his position in the centre of our group. Though not qualified as a trotter for so prominent a position, he is, nevertheless, the fastest pacer in the world.

This group of celebrated entire horses, all so well known in the State of New York, can not fail to interest our readers.

The stanch, unpresuming nature of PATCHEN; the fiery spirit of ETHAN ALLEN; the kind and docile PLOW-BOY, will be readily recognized by those familiar with the originals. Commencing from the left of our engraving, we have ETHAN ALLEN; afterward, PATCHEN, TOM WONDER, TORONTO CHIEF (so much in shadow as to be scarcely discernible), GRAY MESSENGER, and PLOW-BOY—the patriarchs of the present age, to whose descendants we must look for our future trotters.

It would be difficult to design a picture embracing, in six individual animal portraits, so much that is known, admired, and loved as the present subject; but our space would forbid a list of their performances and pedigrees, even if they were not too well known to render such description necessary.

## SUFFOLK AND ESSEX PIGS.

THE remarkably fine stock we have chosen for illustration on page 729 are the property of Jacob Mott, and J. W. King, of Newtown, Long Island. They represent the Suffolk and Essex breed, which are the most profitable to the farmer. To those who condemn the pig as an uncouth and uninteresting animal a glance at the symmetrical proportions of the Essex variety will be sufficient to dispel the idea. The rotundity and beauty of form, the smallness of bone, and abundance of pork which they possess, have placed them at the head of the list; for they are decidedly the most desirable stock to keep, both as a matter of ornament and profit. Their color is a clear shining black; the ears very fine and pointed; the snout tapering and delicately formed; and the body round, strong, and symmetrical.

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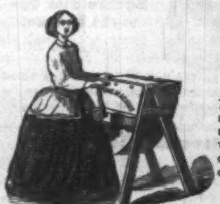

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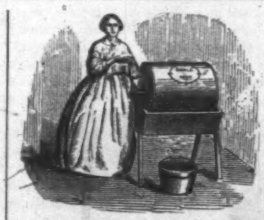

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